

LIFE OF HENRY DORIE,

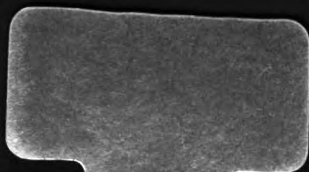
Martyr.



TRANSLATED BY LADY HERBERT.



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THE
LIFE OF HENRY DORIÉ,
Martyr.



BY THE ABBÉ FERDINAND BAUDRY.

TRANSLATED BY LADY HERBERT.

"Souffrir pour Dieu est désormais ma devise."

Letter of H. Doré, July 5, 1844.

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TO
THE STUDENTS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY COLLEGE
AT MILL HILL,

This Translation
OF THE LIFE OF ONE WHO, WITH A SIMILAR TRAINING AND
PURPOSE,
ATTAINED THE CROWN OF MARTYRDOM,
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,
WITH THE EARNEST HOPE THAT, IN FUTURE YEARS, A LIKE
CAREER AND A LIKE GLORY MAY BE THEIRS.

A SHORT EXTRACT FROM THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

AMONG the Corean martyrs of 1866, I have undertaken to write the life of a young Vendean, Henry Dorié. In one sense, this life may be said to be short; yet hereafter we shall not reckon it thus. As a student, a priest, and a missionary, that life was full of encouragement for others, and has left an example to us all. I shall show his real character best by making free use of his own letters. One hundred and ten of these are before me; and although not remarkable for any great cleverness or erudition, they are most striking, from the fact that but one end and one aim runs through the whole. Having once chosen his line, he went straight to his point, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left. To win heathen souls for Christ, and to die for them—this was his sole ambition. By this straightforward earnestness of purpose he attained, without knowing it, to the secrets of the Saints. Unpretending and simple in manner and appearance, his sanctity was revealed but to a few, and to himself least of all. His strongest feelings were buried deep down in his heart; and it is only here and there in these letters to his most intimate friends that a little corner of the veil is raised, and we are startled at the revelations they afford of the riches of this chosen soul. If I have occasionally changed the words in transcribing these letters, I have never altered their spirit or their sense. Therefore my

readers may feel that they are listening to him, and not to me ; that he is speaking in these pages, not I ; and that I have done little else than embody his thoughts, which like golden threads run through the substance of my pamphlet, and alone give it its value.

One more word only I would add for the sake of general readers. Does the title of my little book excite in some amongst you a smile of pity ? Read it just the same. Are you prejudiced against the foreign missions ? Study the life of Henry Dorié, and I am persuaded that your prejudices will vanish, and you will exclaim with a brave old colonel whom I met the other day, "This missionary is the type of abnegation, courage, and virtue of the highest sort ; and when he falls, it is as a martyr, worthy of the respect and consideration of the whole world."

L'ABBÉ FERDINAND BAUDRY,

Correspondant du Ministère pour les Travaux Historiques.

PREFACE OF THE TRANSLATOR.

I TRUST that the Abbé Baudry will forgive me for having, without permission, given to the English public a version, in their own tongue, of this touching and instructive life. It is only within the last few years that the subject of the foreign missions has been seriously taken up in England. France has watered the soil of China and India, Africa and America, with the blood of her martyrs; while the Catholics of our own country have looked on, and left two hundred millions of British subjects to perish for lack of knowledge.

But now a better time is come. The work has been taken up by the highest ecclesiastical authorities; a college has been started to train labourers for the harvest; Rome has given her sanction; and by the zeal and energy of one man, a certain number of students have been gathered together, and are steadily preparing themselves for the arduous duties of the apostolate. One thing only is lacking, and that is money. We have faith that this will not be wanting; that as God has so signally blessed the first promoter of this work, and enabled him to start it under opposition and difficulties which, to a less generous spirit, would have appeared insurmountable, so He will put it into the hearts of other men to come forward liberally with their gold and silver to help this, the purest work of charity which can be found on earth. True, we are overwhelmed with

local claims and local needs ; but in proportion as we give up this narrow-minded view of our responsibilities, we shall find our means of helping our own home-works increase. Listen to what our venerable Archbishop says on this very subject, in his speech at the great meeting held in St. James's Hall last year, to consider the subject of our duty to the heathen :

“And now I have to answer what I feel to be the objection which some may entertain,—‘Are you not impoverishing yourselves at home by sending these means and men and money abroad?’ My answer is this,—It is inevitable : woe be to us if we do not do it ! Necessity is laid on us ; the expansive power of charity compels us ; the inspirations of the grace of God moving the hearts of those who have begun the work, like the steady expansion of a flood, or like the currents of light, cannot be resisted. When these Divine operations begin, woe to the man that sets himself against them ; and woe to those who think to imprison, to enthrall, and to turn them to their own purposes—to their own narrow ends ! The Catholic Church in England has been raised, organised, animated, enriched, expanded, empowered by the Spirit of God, to such an extent in the last twenty years that it overflows its bounds, and it is impossible for us to narrow and to pen up within the circumscribed limits of the four seas of this country the charity with which it is animated. Nay, I must say more than this. I believe that the very work in which we are engaged will, by reaction upon ourselves, by powerful reaction upon our own hearts, multiply and develop an amount of energy and self-denial and generosity in England itself which will be sensibly felt in every year of its progress. I am perfectly convinced that in proportion as the Catholics of England—the clergy and

laity—become penetrated, and, to use a strong but true expression, set on fire, in the words of Holy Scripture, by the love of souls, by the consciousness of the inestimable worth of one soul—in proportion as this is impressed upon us—in proportion as we realise the fact that some six or seven hundred millions of human beings, for whom the Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ was shed, have never heard His Name, and that those souls, created in the image of God, are being hour by hour distorted, debased, corrupted, by every intellectual and moral evil of which human nature is capable; the more we are convinced of this, and the more we feel, as an animating and governing principle in our conscience, that there is but one Name under heaven given among men whereby we can be saved—that there is but one Baptism for the remission of sins whereby we can be made partakers of that saving Name—that there is but one Fold under one Shepherd, and one only way to life, besides which no other is revealed,—in that proportion I conceive it to be impossible that anyone can rest satisfied without doing what he is able by personal self-denial to impart the knowledge of that only salvation to those who are in the shadow of death. And at the same time being in this way animated, and, as I said before, set on fire by these convictions, he will labour all the more earnestly for the souls of those that are perishing around him at home. (Applause.) I believe that the reaction, as I have said, of all the motives which stir us to the work of to-night, will be found even more powerful in constraining us to every good work of charity and piety at home.”

And now one more word to the young men of this teeming country.

I believe it to be impossible for you to read

this life of one like yourselves, but who by the grace of God has become one of the Church's heroes, without feeling a holy emulation and a desire to go and do likewise. You love your Church ; you value her services ; you would be miserable at being deprived of her Sacraments. Well, that is the position of hundreds of souls in the Corea as elsewhere—souls who have just tasted how sweet our Lord is, and then been left for weeks and months and years without the hope of a priest to cheer their dying beds ; without a word of absolution for their penitent souls ; without a human voice to teach them the way of eternal life. The sword of the persecutors has been again unsheathed, and the shepherds have fallen and the flocks are desolate. Will you not go and help them ? “ The fervour of the converts in the Corea exceeds belief,” writes Father Dorié. “ They received me as if I were an angel of God ; so beside themselves with joy did they feel at having once more someone who could teach them, and administer the Sacraments.” And it is everywhere the same when the Faith has once been planted, and where the martyr's blood has watered its roots.

I would say to our Catholic English youth of every class : What are you doing with the health and strength and energy of your race ? Dawdling away life in doing nothing if you are rich ; striving for a fortune if you have it to make ; struggling for bread if you are poor ; and to each and all, the end will soon come, and the day of luxurious idleness will have passed, or lost its charm ; and the fortune when made can no longer be enjoyed ; and the life which it was so hard to keep together will be closed. And what will you have to show for it ? Are there none among you who will sacrifice a little comfort, a few short years, a few home ties, to go and fight our Lord's battles, and save the souls for whom He

died? Are there none who will not be moved to replace the martyrs; to break the Bread of Life once more to those hungering souls? You care for fame, perhaps, and wish that your name should be honoured when all human trace of you is gone. The names of the Church's martyrs have an imperishable glory, and her apostles are remembered when the greatest of earth's conquerors moulder in a forgotten grave.

Come, then, and give your lives to this great work. Let it not be said that France alone can inspire its young men with generous and noble desires. Many of us are of the same Norman and Breton race. Let us be animated with a like spirit, and go forth valiantly like them to plant the Cross in the hearts of men.

MARY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

THE LIFE OF HENRY DORIÉ,

MARTYR.

CHAPTER I.

HENRY DORIÉ was born in the little hamlet of St. Hilaire de Talmont, on the 23d September 1839. He was the son of a respectable and virtuous country farmer, the tenant of Count Bessay de Grosbreuil. His mother was one of those simple, straightforward, pious, loving women from whom children naturally imbibe a love of good and holy things. This virtuous couple had eight children, of whom Henry was the sixth.

This humble family, although affording as they did a pattern of all domestic virtues, would probably have remained in obscurity had not God selected one out of their number to bear the martyr's palm, and give his life for the faith in the Corea.

From his boyhood this child showed an early disposition to piety and goodness. When he went to school, he used to pass through the fields that he might not hear bad or rough words from his companions ; and though unselfish and kind, and always

ready to oblige, he was reserved in his speech, and singularly modest in his manner and behaviour. He was the delight of his masters, who were always praising his regularity and attention to his studies; and though he had not any great talents or superior abilities, he made up for both by diligence and assiduity, so that he was almost always in the first class.

In constitution, Henry was very delicate; somewhat below the ordinary height, his pale and attenuated features bespoke a feeble state of health, which caused his mother great anxiety. Who would have guessed that under this fragile form beat the heart of an apostle and a martyr!

On the 24th June 1849, he made his First Communion, being then only ten years old, but with a fervent devotion which amazed those who had assisted to prepare him for the sacred rite. The Abbé Cornuan, who was then curate of the parish, completed his catechetical instruction. A few months later this zealous pastor of souls entered the Company of Jesus, and the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which he had breathed into the heart of the child was strengthened by the example set him by his much-loved director. In the humble home of his good and honest parents, Henry had laid the foundation of his spiritual life. There he had learnt obedience, humility, and meekness; and at his Confirmation, which took place on the 26th May 1852, by Mgr. Baillès, the full gifts of the Holy Spirit seem to have descended upon him.

What, however, was to be his future fate? This thought often tormented his mother. Born of labouring parents, deprived of the advantages of fortune and education, what hope was there of his being able to do more than earn his bread, as his fathers had done before him, by the sweat of his brow?

Feeling she could do nothing herself, she committed the whole matter, in simple trust, to God, praying only that her boy might some day do much for His glory. But another person began to take a warm interest in the lad, and that was the new vicar, M. l'Abbé Boulanger, who had succeeded l'Abbé Cornuan in the care of the parish. He wrote in 1852 : " Henry was then one of my choir-boys. His delight was to serve Mass; and I was at once struck with his wonderful recollection and his spirit of prayer, never requiring to be looked after and re-proved, as most boys are, for levity or irreverence. His gentle modest manner likewise attracted me immensely, and I conceived the highest possible opinion of him. At last, one day I asked him whether he would not like to go to the Theological Seminary. His whole face lit up with joy, and he instantly said that his only prayer for a long time had been this—that he might some day be found worthy to become a priest. I spoke to his parents, who were equally pleased; but the difficulty was how to defray the expenses of his education, which they were utterly unable to meet. In this dilemma I sent his mother to the Comte de Bessay, of whom I knew the noble and generous character, with a letter from myself explaining all the circumstances of the case. The reply was an instantaneous promise to pay his expenses during the whole time of his residence in the seminary.. If he who gives a cup of cold water to a poor man for the love of God will receive an eternal recompense, what will be the reward of him who has given to the Church an apostle and a martyr?"

A new life now began for Henry. What, in fact, is school to a young man preparing for the priesthood but an arena where, for eight or nine years, he has to go through every species of struggle

and difficulty in overcoming the dry and arduous paths of study, which are often extremely distasteful ; in combating the natural inclinations or imperfections which cling to the individual character of each ; above all, in conquering himself. All this Henry Doré set himself diligently to learn, and with such success that, though he rarely obtained a prize for his compositions, or for his Latin and Greek essays (which yet were sufficiently commendable, remembering his previous total want of classical education), he was scarcely ever without the *billet d'honneur* for continual good conduct, assiduity, and piety. Although publicly thanked by his tutors on several occasions for the good example he had given to the house, he yet disarmed all jealousy by his intense humility and meekness ; so much so that M. l'Abbé Laporte, speaking of those first years of his school career, says : "*Sicut lilium et balsamum aromatizans odorem dedi.*"

A vocation for a missionary life is like the grain of mustard-seed, which God plants in the heart He has chosen, and which becomes afterwards the mighty tree, overshadowing the whole earth. This seed was planted in Henry's heart during the sixth year of his school-life. He was only fifteen at the time ; but he said the thought came upon him like an inspiration, and that he could no more have resisted it than a river could avoid running towards the sea, which is its ultimate destination. It was with these dispositions that he took the ecclesiastical habit, and made his entry into the great seminary of Luçon in the month of October 1860.

If a public school trains the boy and forms his heart and character, college life in an ecclesiastical seminary completes his education and moulds him into a man—that is, one prepared to fight valiantly and prudently the battles of his Lord and

of His Church ; one, in fact, who has so learned to control himself as to be competent to guide and direct others. The future priest is separated from the world, not only by the high walls of his cell, but also by the dress he wears, which covers him as a shroud from head to foot ; by the silence which he keeps almost from morning till night ; and by the profound solitude by which he is surrounded.

Henry entered the college with a firm will and determination to learn all he could ; but, above all, to strive to become a saint. His masters and fellow-students bear witness to his having attained both ends during the two years he lived amongst them.

He passed the public examinations which took place from time to time with great credit ; but he devoted himself especially to the study of the Holy Scriptures, with which his mind became so stored that he was continually and almost involuntarily quoting them in writing or in conversation. Two things gave wings to his zeal and kept him ever up to the mark : God, whose presence seemed to be ever with him ; and the foreign missionary life, to which he looked forward as the crown and reward of his labours.

One of his fellow-students, in writing of him, says : " His studies cost him infinitely more toil and trouble than ours, for he had no great natural cleverness, and took in new subjects with difficulty ; but still he always kept his place in class, which could only be attributed to his really superhuman industry. But he saw God in everything, and did all for His glory. He endeavoured likewise, by self-denial, penance, and mortifications of all kinds, to strengthen both his body and soul for the trials he would have to undergo both in his own family and in the painful career he had determined to embrace."

His modesty, recollection, and spirit of prayer struck all who came in contact with him ; but he was always simple, bright, and gay among his companions, and had a wonderful talent for mingling something of God or of His saints in conversation at recreation without ever forcing the matter or taking away from the cheerful tone of the party. He was specially devoted to St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin, asking of the former thorough purity and a love of the interior life ; and of the latter, sufficient health to enable him to shed his blood for the conversion of the heathen. He renewed every day the sacrifice of his life to God, and, in speaking to his director, would often enlarge on the ardent desire he had for martyrdom. One day, when the life of St. Felicitas had been read at the refectory, he seemed entirely absorbed in the courage of this holy martyr, and could talk of nothing else for a quarter of an hour after. At last he exclaimed, " O my God, what joy to give one's life thus for our Lord ! And then it's so soon over ; one gets so quickly to heaven !" About that time news was received at the college of the horrible tortures endured at Tonkin by the French missionaries there, and, in spite of themselves, both tutors and students shuddered at the terrible recital. Henry alone listened with kindling cheeks and brightening eyes to the account, and it would seem as if a holy kind of envy filled his soul.

But no child of God is spared suffering in some form or other ; and so Henry, after this season of fervour, had to bear the pain of tepidity and coldness—a trial, perhaps, of all others the most galling to a heart as loving as his. He wrote about this time the following letter to an intimate friend :

" I am just now as cold as a stone. I look calmly at the sacrifices that I am about to make, and accept

them with a dull reasoning faith, but without a shadow of the enthusiasm I once felt, or the least kindling of love in my breast for Him who gave Himself for me. Two or three months ago my King Jesus seemed to be present in my very heart with a sweetness and a tenderness to which nothing on earth was comparable. Now all this is passed and gone. I feel as if He had hidden Himself from me, and all is arid and bitter and desolate. Perhaps it is in order that I should seek Him more diligently. I will try and do so; I will leave all to follow Him. But if, in spite of my search, He should still veil Himself from me, at least I will strive to be the first in His line of combatants; and under His banner, and with the simple armour of faith, I will plant His Cross, or die. O my dear old friend, find me anything, if you can, to be compared to the consolation of being permitted to do something definite for our Lord! Sacrifices made for God have a sweetness and a joy unknown to the world. Everything here below entails regret; the longer life is, the more full it is of care, because all life is, as it were, the destruction of pleasant illusions. I want to avoid those regrets, which are the torment not only of the careless and indifferent, but of the Christian who wishes to unite the spirit of the world with that of Jesus Christ. I wish to give myself *wholly* to our Lord—to work, to suffer all my life, and to die for Him and for the propagation of His reign upon earth. It is not enough to say I wish to suffer; but I want to suffer very much and every day. I am going to make a special prayer to our Master for this, and you, if you love me, should ask of Him the same thing for me. In truth, however, all this is a matter of conviction with me, not enthusiasm. I believe zeal can only be maintained by continual struggles and trials, just as the hardest

warriors are those who have accustomed themselves to every species of fatigue. Suffering is the dart or sting which goads us on when our miserable indolence and cowardice would induce us to stop by the way, and which forces us, like unwilling beasts of burden, to push on, breathless and exhausted though we may be, to the goal or end of our journey, which is heaven. Sufferings are not only useful; they are necessary to an apostle.

"Such are my thoughts, dear old friend and brother. They all come back to one principle, and that is faith. '*Quid ad salutem?*' '*Et venerunt flumina et flaverunt venti et irruerunt in domum illam et non cecidit, fundata enim erat super petram.*' God bless you! In heaven there will be no separation, nor need there be on this earth, if we love God. I hope to meet you very often in the Sacred Heart of my sweet Jesus, the King of my heart. It is there that we must give one another *rendez-vous*."

From this time, one thought alone filled Henry's heart—martyrdom. It is the crowning act of the apostolate; but for its attainment great and peculiar virtues are required. To prepare himself for this, the great object of all his desires, he set himself vigorously to work to mortify his senses. His fellow-students record that whenever he could obtain permission from the father-rector, he lived on dry bread, slept all dressed on the floor of his cell, and inured himself to bear pain and hardship of every kind. He kept up this same spirit of mortification even during his vacation. His father wanted to build him a room with a cheerful view, to give him some interest and amusement. He would not hear of it, and chose a little den twelve feet square, with no look-out but on the roofs of some miserable houses. "Here," he said smilingly, "no one will

disturb me, and I shall be able to say my prayers with far more recollection and fervour." During this visit he went to see the Abbey of La Trappe de Belle Fontaine, and came back strengthened in that love of penance and that anxiety to suffer which had become so marked a feature in his character.

His letters are a proof of the progress he daily made towards perfection. The first year he went to college, he was eager and anxious for news. He wrote to his father on the 30th November 1860: "How does trade go on? Are wine and wheat dear? You never tell me anything about home-matters; please do; the smallest detail interests me." The following year, however, other thoughts filled his mind; he had forgotten his interest in worldly matters. "I have no time now," he writes in 1862, "to think of news. If I know anything of what passes in the world outside the college, it is what others have told me—*I never ask.*"

One of the first-fruits of Christian mortification is a detachment from human ties, so as to give oneself more entirely to our Lord; and to this he was beginning to attain. His father, about this time, announced to him the marriage of one of his sisters, asking for his consent to certain family arrangements. "Do everything as you think best," he calmly replied; "as for me, I belong henceforth but to our Lord. Tell me only the day of her wedding, dear child, that I may pray for her. You must not be so full of anxiety about my coming home. I have now consecrated myself to God by an irrevocable vow, and you must think of me as of one having left altogether the paternal roof."

Yet no one knew what overflowing tenderness he had for his family, or what he must have suffered thus to crush all outward expression of feeling as regarded them. He adored each one of his brothers

and sisters, and wished to be equally loved by them. In answering a New-year's-day letter which his brother Peter had sent him in 1861 (that is, the year before), he had said, "I was deeply touched by your good wishes, my dear Peter. I must own I could not help crying bitterly over your letter, which brought back to me all our deep boyhood's love. Yes, love me always like that; and as for me, believe that I can never forget that I am both your brother and your godfather." He wrote also at this time the most loving, touching letters to his little sister and younger brother, adding, "Do not think you will lose by waiting for your New-year's gifts; I have got them all ready for you." In fact, the natural love he had for his family was so keen and so apparent, that those who knew him intimately thought he never would have the courage to tear himself from them; but they did not dream of the power of the grace of God, which was one day to make him triumph over all human affections for our Lord's sake.

On the 14th June 1862, he received minor orders. Very few people were initiated into his project of entering that same year into the Congregation of Foreign Missions at Paris, but it was on the eve of being carried into execution. His director, after a trial of eighteen months, added his signature and approval to the letter written by Henry to the Superior of the Congregation, earnestly entreating permission to join them. He took it to the post himself, for fear of awakening suspicions. The answer was prompt and favourable. Henry was almost beside himself with joy, but of that concentrated kind which does not find vent in many words, and those only to one or two chosen friends. He felt that the trying hour was at hand when he would have to announce his determination to his family,

and break the links which bound him to the Vendée—the county of all others in France where the people are most devoted to their native land, for which they have so often suffered and bled.

Henry left the great seminary of Luçon at the beginning of the month of July 1862. It was the time of the long vacation. In order to inure himself to the fatigues of the apostolate, he determined to make the journey home on foot in a heat of 30°, which he accomplished without ever losing heart or courage. He had six weeks to spend among his friends, and they were six weeks of continual struggle and combat. God permitted that it should be so, to exercise his patience and prove his faith. He found himself standing, as it were, alone against all those who, in the natural order, he was most bound to obey—his patron, his parents, and his pastor. One and all opposed his vocation with every argument that it was possible to adduce; but he stood firm, and was neither shaken by the worldly objections brought forward on the one side, nor by the tears and prayers of his mother on the other. By his invincible faith he remained master of the field, and could say with St. Paul, “I can do all things through Him who strengtheneth me.”

Henry, as we have before said, owed his education entirely to the Comte de Bessay, so to him he thought it his duty in the first instance to announce his resolution to become a missionary. He wrote, therefore, on the 3d of July to him as follows :

“For a long time I have felt in my heart the most earnest desire to devote myself entirely to the salvation of the heathen. I have not the courage to see millions of souls, created in the image of God, bought with the blood of Jesus Christ—those souls for whom He would die again, if necessary—perish

without lifting a hand to help them. Therefore I come to beseech your permission to devote myself to the foreign missions. You have done a great deal for me, my lord, and I know I never shall be able to repay the debt I owe you ; but I feel as if the only feeble means in my power would be to devote myself to a work like this. It will be *you* who, if God gives me grace, will be the principal cause of the conversion of these poor heathen. Should God permit me to save if but a few of these savages, their souls, when they come before His throne, will recognise *you* for their spiritual father, and will intercede for you before His footstool. As for me, I am but a vile instrument in His hands ; but what does that signify ? The more miserable the instrument, the more will God be glorified. Believe only that I am not yielding to an enthusiastic idea, but to a fixed purpose, deeply thought over for many years. I should be indeed glad if I could obtain your full consent. For the glory of God, for the extension of His kingdom, in however small and miserable a way, deign to acquiesce in this my humble petition. Strengthened by your approval, I shall enter joyfully the Foreign Missionary College, where I have been accepted by the superiors for some time past. Receive the expressions of respect and gratitude with which I must ever subscribe myself your devoted and humble child,

HENRY."

Not content with this letter, he went the following day in person to see the Count, and to plead his cause. He found him decidedly adverse to the proposal. Henry's resolution surprised and vexed him ; not that he was opposed in the abstract to the foreign missions, which, on the contrary, he supported with great liberality ; but he did not like the idea for his *protégé*, whose frail and delicate

form gave little promise of sufficient health to carry out such an arduous undertaking. The more sublime was the vocation, the more he felt it would be beyond Henry's strength. He trembled lest his courage should prove fallacious, and that in the hour of danger his physical weakness might react upon his moral strength. There is no doubt that, humanly speaking, the Count was right; but it is written that "the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that He may confound the strong." And these words are those of eternal truth. Finding that no arguments had the slightest effect upon him, and that his mind was fairly made up, the Count yielded, and took leave of him with the tender words: "Go, then, my dear child, as it appears to be the will of God,—go, and may God and His angels guard your steps!"

With his pastor Henry had a fresh battle to fight. His reasons were much the same as those of the Count, only he wanted also to keep his favourite parishioner nearer home. It ended in a fresh victory for our ardent missionary. "O dear father," he exclaimed, "I have more health than you think for; I feel I shall be able to bear the fatigues of the apostolate perfectly. And then, if with this poor little body I should turn out really a missionary according to our dear Lord's Heart—a martyr," he added hesitatingly—"who knows?—would you not then be happy and proud of your son?" The good curé, entirely disarmed, took him to Monseigneur Collet, the Bishop of Luçon, to whom he presented him, announcing at the same time his intentions. There, at any rate, Henry had neither struggles nor opposition of any kind. The Bishop, after a long conversation with him, was entirely

convinced of the reality of his vocation, and that neither imagination nor enthusiasm had anything to do with his determination. He felt that to make, in this case, the sacrifice of a priest, was not to impoverish his diocese; rather would he thereby enrich it, by sending forth one who would become the most powerful intercessor for his Church in heaven; for by a sudden inspiration the venerable prelate seemed to forecast his future fate, and spoke to him with an ardent faith and a paternal tenderness which gave fresh wings to his resolution, while his words were a source of consolation to which Henry often referred in subsequent years. He made him spend the rest of the day at the palace and dine with him, together with the good abbé, and at parting gave him a solemn benediction with all the effusion of his warm pastoral heart.

Strengthened by this blessing, and encouraged more than he had ever been before, Henry returned home to break the news to his parents. This was the last struggle which God had reserved for him, but also one which was by far the hardest.

The word "farewell" threw consternation into the whole family; father, mother, brothers, and sisters burst into tears. In vain he endeavoured to calm them by increased tenderness, by talking cheerfully of the future, and the like; they were deaf to all his representations. He had greatly dreaded this scene, and his heart was well-nigh broken. Writing beforehand to his one great friend in Paris, who had been the confidant of, as he was the sharer in, all his generous thoughts, he says, "All is going on smoothly as yet; but the great blow is not yet struck. I must break it to my parents in a few days; how will they bear it? I cannot tell. Will they consent? Even if they do not, it is too late now to go back. My life is

given to God, and to Him alone. Pray for me, I entreat of you, that in this terrible struggle, so trying to flesh and blood, my foolish heart may not fail; pray for me specially during these few days, the last which I feel I shall ever spend in my dear Vendée."

The night before his departure, Henry was alone with his mother. She had always flattered herself that the whole thing was an illusion; but now the terrible reality seemed to dawn upon her. She burst into tears, and, taking his hand, exclaimed:

"My son, you are, then, bent on leaving us?"

Henry replied tenderly: "But not for ever, dearest mother."

"But when shall we see each other again?"

"When God pleases. Anyhow, we shall meet in heaven."

"O my child, you will make me die of grief! What have you ever wished for at home that I have not endeavoured to obtain? Nursed with my milk, would I not have given you my heart's blood as well? And now you talk of abandoning me in my old age!"

"No, dearest mother, I do not abandon you; I shall think of you every day of my life. For God's sake, do not break my heart like this. Look at the resignation of the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross; yet God does not exact of you a sacrifice like hers."

"But why not be a good priest, and remain in the diocese, as I had always hoped and prayed that you would?" continued his mother; "and give up thinking of these terrible foreign missions."

"Not think of the foreign missions! But, dearest mother, that is impossible. They have been my one thought for eight years. God has spoken directly to my heart, and I must obey Him."

"But, my boy, you can surely serve God in your own country. O, have pity on me; do not leave me desolate!"

"Very well, since you insist, I will stay with you; but then good-bye not only to the foreign missions, but to the priesthood. Give me a blouse and a hoe, that I may go and work in the farm with my little brother."

These words, said with a sort of despair, and wrung from him by his mother's misery, touched her heart and brought her to feel how great a risk she would incur by thwarting any further God's designs upon her boy. Completely conquered, she remained silent, only giving free vent to her tears.

The struggle with his father continued till midnight. Henry could not go without his clothes, and his father absolutely refused to allow anyone to take his trunk to the station. All discussion being useless, Henry, as a last resource, threw himself on his knees by his bedside, and began to pray and weep bitterly. After about a quarter of an hour, his father was touched in spite of himself. He came up to him and said: "Well, I see it is of no use; be comforted. Come and have some supper, and then take a few hours' rest. I will drive you myself to-morrow to St. Hilaire." These words filled poor Henry's heart with joy and consolation, and he fell asleep full of peace and thankness. The next morning they started, the Abbé Boudaud having said Mass for him at half-past three in the morning, and being specially struck with the angelic joy which shone in his countenance at the moment of his receiving the Viaticum for his journey. To one of his aunts, whom he tenderly loved, and who accompanied him part of the way, he said at parting: "Pray for me; I start full of joy and hope."

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We shall never meet again on earth ; but do not say so to my darling mother : let her fancy our separation will not be for ever, and be her angel of consolation."

It was the 11th of August. A widow lady, Madame de la Bastière de Poiroux, had, with great generosity and delicacy, defrayed all the expenses of his journey to Paris ; and his old professor of philosophy, l'Abbé Edmond Bourbon, now canon of the cathedral, volunteered to be his guide in the capital, and to introduce him to the venerable M. Albrand, Superior of the Foreign Missionary College, who had written to say that he expected him on the 15th. L'Abbé Boudaud insisted on accompanying him during the first part of his journey. He said that instead of speaking of his home or his family, Henry talked of nothing all the way but of the foreign missions : of the number of conversions which had taken place in one district ; of the persecutions and martyrdoms which had happened in another, &c. "One saw how completely his heart was in that work and in no other," continued the good abbé when writing home an account of his journey ; "and all the time he was talking, there was a light in his eye and a fire in his words which impressed me more than I can say. I felt that the Holy Spirit of God was visibly working in that young soul, and I was ashamed of having for a moment thwarted his aspirations."

He was received with respectful cordiality by the Vicar-General of the town where they passed the night, and where he was met by his friend the Abbé Bourbon, who accompanied him to Paris. Each and all were equally struck by his perfect calm, knowing the struggle he had so lately passed through. "No man putting his hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God."

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These were Henry's favourite words ; and so completely did he carry them out, that he was able to stifle the voice of nature, which was calling him by all the ties of kindred and home to a life of comparative ease and comfort, so as to embrace with joy the hardships, fatigues, and trials inseparable from the missionary life, with but one object and one hope, that of being able to do something for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

CHAPTER II.

ONE of the institutions which has done most to extend the knowledge of the Catholic faith throughout the world is the Congregation of the Propaganda Fide at Rome, composed of fifteen cardinals, three bishops, and a secretary. It was founded by Gregory XIII. at the end of the sixteenth century, given a permanent constitution by Gregory XV. in 1622, and endowed by his successor Urban VIII. with a college, which from that hour has never ceased to be the nursery of a multitude of apostles. To shorten the distance which separates Rome from Paris, a holy priest established half a century later, in the capital of France, an offshoot of the Propaganda, under the name of the "*Séminaire des Missions Etrangères*." This was on the 27th Oct. 1663. Animated by the same spirit as the mother house, this seminary has never ceased from that hour to send forth missionaries to Asia, Africa, and America, but principally to the more distant countries of Asia. It became as a glowing furnace, whence emanated a thousand rays, illuminating with the light of faith the immense regions of Tonquin, of Cochin-China, China, Thibet, and the Corea. The superiors, at the head of whom

is now the venerable P. Albrand, grown gray in the work which has been the labour of their lives, infuse into the hearts of their young disciples that fervent zeal and that holy fire of love which creates apostles and forms martyrs.

By a special outpouring of God's grace, the number of these men increase every year. After only twenty-five years' trial, there were upwards of four hundred and fifty missionaries in this seminary, and the vast halls of the college are now scarcely large enough to contain the number of candidates who flock for admission from every quarter.

Henry joined this chosen band on the 13th August 1862. Presented to the superior at half-past five in the morning by M. l'Abbé Bourbon, he was immediately received as a pupil of the seminary. Two hours after, having satisfied his enthusiastic devotion, he breakfasted in company with H. E. the Cardinal de Bonne Chose, Archbishop of Rouen, who received him with the greatest kindness, and talked to him during the greater part of breakfast. The day was not over before he felt himself completely at his ease and at home. His fellow-students, according to the tradition of the house, had devoted themselves to showing him every possible kindness. They took possession of his trunks, hoisted them up, as if by magic, into his little cell, which they arranged with such taste and comfort that he felt himself lodged like a prince. Then they took him everywhere, showed him everything, and in fact "fêted" him as a dearly-beloved and newly-found brother. The result was that when, after the Feast of the Assumption, the Superior of the great seminary at Luçon came to wish him good-bye, he found him so joyous and happy that he went home exclaiming, "Henry has at last found all that his heart desired!"

On the 14th of the following September—that is, one month only after his arrival—he wrote to one of his friends :

“I have forgotten the road which leads to La Vendée. God grant it may be for ever! It does not need a month to make one feel at home here, twenty-four hours is enough. From the very first hour I exclaimed with joy in my heart, ‘*Hæc requies mea. Domus Dei et porta cæli.*’ Everyone is bright and gay, and sadness seems an unknown visitor. You will say this is exaggeration. Be it so; but in the mean time, let me see what I see, and feel what I feel. I am very happy. May God’s holy name be praised! I am happy, because I feel I am in the house of God, where I listen but for His call to go forth and preach His love, and then rise with Him to live with Him for ever and for ever.”

In another letter, written to his old schoolfellow, Théophile Perrache, he says, “I have been here two months, and it seems to me but two days. I can only compare it to the happiest vacation-time. Could it be otherwise in such good company?”

Afterwards he talks to him of the agreeableness of the country house, where the students went on holidays, and which was near the castle of Meudon, about nine miles from Paris; and adds, “You see, one is not unhappy in this Foreign Missionary College. We are treated just like spoiled children, and allowed every possible comfort and pleasure. The reason given to us by our superiors, is, ‘By and by, you will have quite enough time to suffer.’”

One of his greatest joys was to see the seminary increasing so wonderfully in numbers, and receiving every day fresh recruits. The only thing which grieved him was, that there were none from his own country. “The Vendéans cling so to their

homes," he writes, "that they have no heart, I fear, for foreign missions." He was mistaken, however, for his example speedily induced three of his fellow-students from the seminary of Luçon to enrol themselves in the band—the Abbés Cousin, Guichard, and Michaud. Anxious as he was on this score, however, he did not attempt to influence his friends' vocations.

Writing again on the 7th of December to this same Theophilus, on the occasion of sending him a photograph of the martyr Vénard, he says :

"It is not without a certain fear that I send it to you. Will they not think that I am trying to bring the Propaganda into the Luçon seminary? In fact, have they not said so already? But I assure you this is far from being my intention. I am myself very happy here; but others might not be the same. It is not for man, but for God to decide on vocations. If I have said so much in praise of the Foreign Missionary College, my only object was to make the house more known, and to discharge the debt of gratitude I feel I owe for their immense kindness towards me."

But, in the spiritual life as in the physical, all is not sunshine; and even the best and holiest of souls have to pass through the fiery furnace of trials and temptations, until they have learnt that the only safe track is to follow with bleeding feet the footsteps of their Lord, and thus attain the perfection which humiliation and suffering alone can give.

After this time of unmixed joy and thankfulness, a sudden change seemed to pass over him, and he felt a spiritual desolation, an aridity, and a coldness which were nearly insupportable. Family troubles added to his mental distress. He had the most loving of hearts, and a heart to which human love and sympathy were almost a necessity. If he

had made a sacrifice of all human ties in quitting the Vendée, he had not thereby given up the luxury of a continued correspondence with them. Hence the 120 letters (which they still preserve) written during those few months. He at last felt that this inordinate love of letter-writing was the cause of a great deal of his tepidity before God; for, writing to his old director from Meudon on the 18th Sept. 1863, he says, "Dearest father, my heart remains always cold as marble. I cannot help seeking for joy and consolation from creatures instead of from the Creator."

But he became anxious at receiving no answers from home, and at last his brother wrote to him to say that both his father and mother were pining away with grief, that they had never got over his departure and determination to join the foreign missions, and that he implored him to reconsider his decision for their sakes. This was a terrible temptation and trial to Henry. His intense love for his mother represented the conflicting duty to him in the most painful light; he began to have doubts even as to the validity of his vocation, and for an instant he felt conquered. But grace triumphed. Writing a few weeks later, and speaking of this time, he says, "I suffered horribly, and at one time thought I must give up the whole thing. But God had mercy upon me. The moment of separation from those we love is terrible; but then I think one is specially assisted by God's grace, and there is a sort of excitement which carries one through. But what is far worse is when spiritual aridity and a weariness of all that is good come to side with nature against you. O, you may well say that those who undertake this life have bitter sacrifices to make; I have felt them in their fullness, and am feeling them still; but I strive with all my might against

this terrible discouragement and despondency. Now that I have once broken the links which bind me to earth, why should I wish to renew them? O my God, have pity upon me, who am but a miserable sinner! Henceforth I will strive more earnestly to be only Thine. No more looking back, then! Forward, forward, for evermore! At the end of this miserable life, which will be so soon over, behold the crown of immortality! O my Saviour, let me not be disappointed of my hope!" He expressed the same sentiments to his benefactress, Madame de la Bastière. "You are right, dear madam, in thinking that I am happy in the Foreign Missionary College; but it has likewise entailed sacrifices very painful to flesh and blood. But I feel now that the die is cast; and I say with St. Paul, '*Væ mihi si non evangelizavero!*'"

Henry then set himself seriously to work to try and calm his parents. "Why are you so inconsolable?" he exclaims on the 21st Sept. 1862. "I have told you again and again that I am well and happy, far happier than I was at the seminary of Luçon. I am further off from you, it is true; but let us try and comfort each other, and let us pray to God for courage and patience to accept His will, whatever that may be; so that at the last we may attain to eternal life. There, once united, we shall know no more sorrow or separation, but shall enjoy together a bliss without compare. Recollect the words of the Gospel, 'Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Pray, then, more earnestly, and do not kill yourselves and me with sorrow. Bless God, and adore His sovereign will in all things, remembering that He calls upon us everywhere to rejoice in our tribulations."

A little later he thought it right to prepare them

for the last sacrifice which God would require of them, and so wrote on New-year's-day 1863, after the usual good wishes of the season :

“DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,—I hope you will not be hurt if I speak frankly to you, and open my whole heart. You know with what object I came here : to devote myself entirely to God, and to labour henceforth solely for His glory and for the good of souls. You also will have a share in the merit if you make the sacrifice willingly for the love of God. I know how one's wretched human nature rebels ; but with God's grace one overcomes nature.” And then he told them an anecdote of a mother who had absolutely refused permission to her son to devote himself to the foreign missions and to follow his vocation, and then found him dead in his bed the following morning.

Henry knew that all this time he was preaching as to the winds, but still he did not relax. “How is it you cannot resign yourself to God's will, dearest mother?” he wrote again on the 12th March. “If you knew how your continued opposition grieves me, I am sure you would not have the heart to persevere. Ah, if we had but more faith, more love, what great works might we not do for Christ! what a store of merits should we not lay up! But our miserable tepidity and coldness of heart, our clinging to earthly things, dim our sight and weaken our perceptions of God and heaven. I entreat of you to go as often as you can to your holy confessor ; he will comfort you ; and in the strength of the Holy Eucharist you will acquire a force which will enable you even to love the sacrifice which He demands of you.” He ended by proposing for their imitation the lives of the saints, saying that “they were never more joyous than when they had something to suffer for Jesus Christ.”

The death of his sister Clémentine, however, who had married an *employé* of the Custom-house, caused a diversion in his favour for a few months. His parents could think of nothing but of their overwhelming sorrow at losing her. Henry himself felt the shock of her unexpected death severely, for he had always loved her, perhaps even more than his other sisters; but he thought it right to struggle against these feelings for the sake of his family. On the 30th April he wrote to them: "Your sorrow is unreasonable. The death of my darling sister should surely be a source of comfort to you when you think of the holiness of her death. She was administered, she received the Viaticum with the fullest consciousness, and she died perfectly happy, making the sign of the Cross, and with a smile on her face. What could you wish for more? There is no doubt that it would have been a joy to us if we could have kept her here to gladden our hearts a little longer; but God wished to recall her to Himself. Let us bow before His holy will. She died full of love to God and hope in Him; let us imitate her in this holy hope, and prepare ourselves likewise to appear before our God. Life is so short, and very soon we also shall leave this world to bless and praise our Lord in an eternity of happiness. Clémentine, by her death, has shown us how we ought to try to detach ourselves from everything, for one day we must leave all here below. I hope and believe she is in heaven, and there she waits for us to join her, where there will be no more sorrow or separation. She has shown us the way; our turn will come very soon; let us, then, keep our lamps burning. In the midst of our tears, let us think of the better life into which she has so lately entered. I also cannot help bursts of crying now and then, like you; but I seek comfort in the Holy

Communion, and in the thought of death, which will so soon unite me to my darling sister."

The saints find in all sorrows a means of advancing in virtue. He wrote to the vicar of St. Hilaire, who was the first to tell him of the trouble in his family: "How often you have told me that I was not to set my affections on anything transitory, but to make that truth come home to one, death must sever our fondest affections! My poor little Clémentine, how much I would have given to have seen her again! But I must try and get more detached from human ties, or I shall never make a good missionary. Help me with your prayers, that this detachment may be daily strengthened, so that I may become more worthy of my holy vocation."

To family sorrows physical sufferings were soon added. In October 1862, he began to suffer continually from his chest. The doctor covered him with blisters, and ordered him to drink cod-liver oil. "My health has become bad," he writes at this time, "and the infirmarians have fastened their claws upon me; but, in spite of that, I am happy and content." The thing that he dreaded most was being sent back to the Vendée, not that his vocation would have suffered, for he was now firmly determined to persevere in the foreign missions, but he wanted to spare his parents the sorrow of a fresh parting. In this distress he addressed himself specially to the Blessed Virgin, to whom he had vowed his health at Luçon. Her intercession had the desired effect, and towards February he became very much better; but in April some of the bad symptoms came back, and his superiors insisted on his consulting a first-rate physician before admitting him to receive Holy Orders. He obeyed, and went to a doctor of well-known ability, who, after an examination of twenty minutes, pronounced him sound,

though there was some mischief in the lungs requiring care. He saw no objection to his taking Holy Orders on condition that he took care of himself, and went to see a doctor every fortnight. On the 1st June he saw another medical man, who said his chest was all right, and treated him for delicacy of stomach, which was the real cause of his illness. From that hour he became comparatively well, and had no other thought but that of preparing himself worthily for the awful office of the priesthood. He wrote first to his old curate and vicar to recommend himself to their prayers: "There is to be an ordination on the 30th of May. Two amongst us are to wait till Christmas, and yet they are far more worthy than I of the sub-diaconate. When I think of it, I can only cover my face with shame, and say, 'O my God, hast Thou forgotten what I have been and what I am, that Thou deignest to call me to serve at Thy altar!' Nevertheless, my director says I must go forward with confidence and hope, trusting in the merits of our Saviour and in the prayers which my friends will offer up on my behalf. I feel sure yours will not be wanting to me on this occasion." To his parents he likewise wrote: "I am going to take the irrevocable step which will separate me for ever from the world and its pleasures. I conjure you to pray much for me, that this day may indeed be the happiest in my life."

He thought it his duty to announce the event also to his two patrons, the Comte de Bessay and Madame de la Bastière. To the former he speaks only of his miserable inefficiency and the wasted years of his past life. "Wretch that I am!" he exclaims; "I feel I have as yet done nothing for God, and at times I am tempted to despair. But then I hear our Lord's voice, who seems to say to me, 'Take courage. *In spe erit fortitudo vestra.*'"

I will come, then, unto the Tabernacle of God—there will I dwell, and there shall I find rest for my soul.” To the latter, he says : “ Climbing by slow degrees the mountain which leads to the priesthood, I am about to take the first step. As on this engagement depends my eternal happiness or misery, I recommend myself earnestly to your good prayers.”

The day after his ordination, he wrote to his parents : “ I am actually a sub-deacon ! I have given myself to God for evermore, and I am only too happy to feel that I am at last fairly consecrated to His service. O, what a glorious day is one’s ordination-day ! I cannot write much about it ; it is too solemn, too sacred. But one prays then as one never prayed before. I did not forget you ; I asked of our Lord, with all my heart, that He would give you the strength and courage of which you stand so much in need.” Then he thanks them for having had a Mass said for his intention on the day of his ordination, and for having received the Holy Communion for him, and adds : “ Ah, I was indeed with you in thought at that moment. I could not sleep the night before ; I could do nothing but dream of my happiness and of the unmerited grace of God to one so unworthy. Surely the Cross becomes the property and sole glory of a man when he has once entered on his apostolate ; how can I refuse it when it is presented to me, no matter in what form !”

He was made deacon on the 19th December of the same year. On this occasion he writes : “ The experience of each day convinces me of the truth of those words of St. Francis of Sales : ‘ The mercy of God is the throne of our miseries.’ After having profited so little by the grace of the sub-diaconate, my superiors insist on my offering myself as a deacon. I can only implore your prayers, so that the

poor missionary 'in erbe' may receive a tenfold gift of the Holy Spirit."

Still more touching was the letter written by him the following spring to announce to his old friend the vicar that he was about to be called to the priesthood. "Dear father," he exclaims, "your child is called to the inexpressible honour of the priesthood. It would be the proudest moment of his life if he did not feel himself so utterly unworthy. I a priest! I at the altar to bring down my God, and immolate the thrice-holy Victim! The thought fills me with such terror at my own unworthiness that I scarcely dare entertain it. O my father, if you do not come to my assistance with your prayers, if you cannot obtain from my God that He shall sustain me, weak and miserable creature that I am, and fill me with the merits of His dear Son, shall I ever have the courage to ascend His altar-steps? O, I beseech of you, speak to your parishioners, get all the prayers you can for me; ask of them, my old friends and countrymen, to remember me and my miseries before God; and you, do you sustain, encourage, and help your child, whose heart is ready to sink with fear."

The Foreign Missionary College furnished fourteen priests at the ordination of the 21st May 1864. Henry Dorié received the Sacrament at the hands of Monseigneur Thomine-des-Mazures, Vicar-apostolic of Thibet. It was really the act of one apostle consecrating the other. "O my God, what a glorious day!" he wrote on the 3d of June to M. l'Abbé de St. Hilaire. "How happy we all were, professors and students! The next day, the 22d, I said my first Mass in a little oratory in the seminary. Father Guichard served it; two other Vendeans, Fathers Cousin and Michaud, assisted. Everything around us was in the solemn stillness

befitting the occasion. It was impossible to say which of the four was the most touched and overcome. We embraced one another tenderly after Mass, and thanked God from the bottom of our hearts. Father Cousin, who has only been here about a month, was almost beside himself with pleasure. It is in moments like these that one seems to touch with one's very finger the truth of those words of our Lord : ' Everyone that hath left house, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for My name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall possess life everlasting.' Happy shall we be if we can but persevere in these feelings. The apathy and indifference of some who have been a long time priests terrifies me. Is it possible that the offering of the Holy Sacrifice can ever become a common thing to one? God forbid! We have already four Vendéans here, and very soon we shall be able to talk with my old director of the ' Apostolate of the Vendée.' "

Madame de la Bastière sent him on this occasion a present of a beautiful chalice. In acknowledging it, he says : " Our Lord alone can reward you for your generosity. As for me, miserable little missionary that I am, I can only pray for you. Henceforth I shall never be able to offer the Holy Sacrifice without thinking of you, as I shall always have before my eyes the proof of your charity. I gave you a long memento in my first Mass ; but I will celebrate one on purpose for you on Thursday the 26th May, being the Feast of the Most Holy Sacrament."

Religion, so far from stifling family affections, as the world so often thinks, only adds to their strength ; but they become purified and supernaturalised. " Do not fancy I can ever forget you," Henry wrote to his parents that same year. " In a sermon last week we were told that the heart of the mis-

sionary was also the most loving and the most tender to his own people; and I think that is quite true. I must own I don't think I have ever loved you so devotedly as since I have been in the Foreign Missionary College. What does love mean except to pray continually for those we love? Well, I have never before prayed for you as I have here, nor is there a day scarcely when I have not said the Rosary for you. I pray to our Lady to hear my prayers and to help you, through a greater love of her Son, to a more entire resignation to His holy will."

One thing only he would not hear of—the idea of going back to his family to take leave of them. "Not for all the gold of Christendom would I return to the Vendée," he exclaimed. "I am now a missionary, and I must be nothing else." God had enabled him once to overcome nature; but he dreaded to provoke a fresh trial of the same kind. Besides, the idea of the foreign missions more and more absorbed him. The nearer the hour of sacrifice, the more his heart seemed to overflow with love, and zeal, and courage for everything. "In less than two years, if God permits," he wrote about this time, "I also shall be fighting the battles of our dear Lord in heathen lands. Whether it be among the icebergs of the North Pole, or under the burning sun of India, or in the marshes of Cochin-China, or in the forests of Tonquin, or in the plains of China, I do not care. Everywhere there are people to be converted, souls to be saved. O, may I do much for God's glory! The Cross, that is our compass and our guide; the Cross, that is our only strength, our only hope—*spes unica*. The Crucifix alone teaches one the worth of a single human soul."

It may interest any young foreign missionary students who may read this book, if I here give an

extract from his private journal, showing how completely the subject of the missions engrossed his heart and mind :

“ 1. *Japan*.—This country has now but six missionaries, who are terribly hindered in their work on account of the edict which not only condemns to death all who embrace the Christian religion, but also their whole families, down to the fourth generation. This edict may be truly termed diabolical, for it is contrary to all the instincts of the people, who are literally hungering for the Word of God. A great many villages towards the north have, however, embraced the Catholic faith in secret, or maintained it privately in their families. Let us pray specially for this unhappy kingdom.

“ 2. *The Corea*.—The finest mission in all the world. In spite of the rage of our enemies, the converts increase rapidly. There are two Bishops and seven missionaries secretly at work among these people. Since the French war in China, the persecution has diminished, and the Christians enjoy a certain amount of liberty. Of all the Asiatic races, the Corean is the one who is universally acknowledged to have the most heart. There is, therefore, something to work upon. Every night at the refectory just now we are reading accounts of this mission ; it is really wonderful. The mercy of God, and His providential way of leading souls, were never so clearly manifested. These accounts are going to be printed, and will make two thick volumes. Someone said in the House the other day that this is the mission to which I shall be sent. God grant it ! Still, I wish to have no will but His in this matter. Alleluia ! the Corea for ever ! ”

This note of his reads like a prophecy, though he then little dreamt that in less than two years after

it had been penned he would himself have watered that very soil with his blood.

"3. *Manchooria* has a bishop and ten missionaries, but remains as cold as the snow on its mountains. The conversions are few. The Russians paralyse the zeal of our poor missionaries. Then the climate is terrible : a winter which lasts eight months, with 40° of cold, and which freezes the very heart of the people. God has willed it so ; we can but hope and pray.

"4. *Se-Chuen*.—This is an immense district, divided into three vicariates, containing twenty-eight missionaries, and a great many native priests. At this moment they are tolerably quiet, and have a certain amount of liberty guaranteed to them by the treaty. One of our Fathers wrote in 1863 : 'Not far from here (Tchong-King-foo) a luminous cross has appeared in the sky, and been seen by immense multitudes, both pagan and Christian. The fact is to be properly attested ; and if the heathens will join us in the attestation, it will be a strong presumption in favour of the truth of the apparition. Is it possible that our Lord should have determined to overcome Chinese obstinacy by giving them a sign of His divinity, as He did to Constantine? Let us hope so. In the mean time, the storm begins to lour ; the rebels are spreading over the country, and sparing neither age nor sex. Every day a fresh persecution is expected. May God's holy name be blessed !'

"5. *Yun-nan*.—This unhappy country, overrun by the rebels in every direction, and given up to the horrors of civil war, is nothing but a heap of ruins and a scene of unparalleled misery. Children have been fried and eaten ; women sewn up in sacks and thrown into the river ; men strangled, tortured, or cast into prison. Monseigneur de Chauveau writes

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that it is impossible to conceive a country in such utter misery. This is what the philosophers of these days are always upholding—the grandeur of nature as compared with grace. Here are the fruits of paganism, with a vengeance! Some fresh missionaries have just started, to help their brethren to establish the faith in this unhappy land. Perhaps out of all this anarchy and misery some good may come.

“6. *Kolichoo*.—One of our missionaries is just starting for this region, to replace one who was martyred in 1862. May he have the same happiness! This mission is progressing famously, and nine priests are hard at work under the superintendence of the excellent Monseigneur Faurie.

“7. *Quang-Tong* (called also very often simply Canton, and the Island of Hainan).—This mission is very flourishing, thanks to the Europeans who reside at Canton. One of our Fathers, however, has been well-nigh beaten to death by the parents of a young man whom he had baptised, and the convert himself had the glory of winning the martyr's palm. More workers are asked for, right and left, in this district; eighteen missionaries are not sufficient for a province so thickly peopled. The rebels visit our missionaries and our Christians from time to time. The cathedral at Canton is nearly finished. May the pagodas soon be deserted, and the God of love receive in this new temple the adoration of a multitude of Chinese hearts! Let us offer up our prayers and our mortifications with this intent, that His kingdom may indeed come in this benighted land.

“8. *Tonquin*.—This district contains four vicariates, of which two are served by our congregation. Since the persecution has ceased, the conversions have been very numerous. Forty native priests

and more than eighty thousand Christians received the palm of martyrdom, praying for their murderers, and singing the song of the Lamb.

"9. *Cochin-China* is divided into three vicariates; two are in the same position as Tonquin; the third, being partially occupied by French troops, enjoys more liberty. But here is a sorrow: the conversions would be twice as numerous were the conduct of our Catholic soldiers less reprehensible. What a terrible thing it is when Europeans introduce vice with civilisation, instead of looking upon themselves as apostles and evangelisers of the heathen races among whom they may be thrown! As to Anam, it is only the fear of our troops which prevents the King Tuduc from reopening the persecution. They say he has sworn by his gods to annihilate the Christian religion in his kingdom, and to destroy every representation of the Crucified One. We must only pray the harder for him and for his unhappy people.

"10. *Camboja*.—This country as yet remains unconvertible. The zeal of our missionaries can only find scope among the merchants, of whom a good many are converts from other parts of China.

"11. *Siam*.—Since Pius IX. gave his apostolic benediction to the solemn embassy sent from this country, the Siamese have begun to wake up a little from their past indifference, and to be really in earnest about their conversion. May this spirit increase more and more!

"12. *The Malay Country*.—This land seems as if stricken by a curse. Not a single Malay will become a Christian; for the true Malay is a Mussulman, and nothing can be done with him. Those of mixed blood will sometimes listen to the voice of our missionaries; but the principal conversions are among the Chinese traders.

"13. *Burmah*.—A great and a blessed change is come over this country. The inhabitants of the forests especially are eager to be taught the Word of God. Under British rule, there is the fullest liberty of religion.

"14. *Pondicherry, Coimbatore, and Mysore*.—These three vicariates, which divide India, do not produce much fruit. About eighty missionaries are toiling there under that burning sun. This martyrdom is as good as any other, I think. One dies very quickly in India; the ordinary time our men last is seven years; but what does it signify if the time be long or short, provided only it be well employed?

"15. *Thibet*.—The people of this country embrace the faith with joy, although we are on the eve of a fresh persecution. Four fresh missionaries are on the way to help our brethren there. At starting they were told, 'You will have your heads cut off; but your deaths will convert Thibet.' May this prophecy be accomplished for their happiness and God's glory!"

So ends this portion of Henry Dorié's journal; has it been wearisome to my readers? I hope not. I have felt myself in writing it what a wonderful insight it gives one into the character of the man: his singleness and earnestness of purpose; the perfect manner in which he had entered into the needs and position of each of the fifteen districts committed to this Foreign Missionary College: above all, the fervent zeal with which he kept for ever two things in view, the glory of God and the salvation of souls. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." He had a perfect passion for martyrdom, and looked upon it as the supreme happiness which was to crown all faithful.

workers in this tremendous apostolate. Hence, his continual hopes, in this sense, for his brethren ; hence his ardent desire for the like honour for himself. As a new St. Christopher, the God whom he bore in his breast sustained and carried him through all his difficulties, and strengthened his timid steps. "*Sanguis martyrurum semen Christianorum*;" those were his favourite words.

Perhaps nothing acts upon us more strongly, though more unconsciously, than the force of example. To see with your eyes a man who has suffered tortures for our Lord ; to look at his wounds ; to hear the way in which he was beaten, mangled, and left for dead,—this is enough to kindle a flame in the coldest heart. Well, these scenes are perpetually recurring at the Foreign Missionary College. One day, a man arrived at the gates exhausted, attenuated to the last degree ; in fact, a perfect shadow of a man. People whispered the name of M. Charbonnier ; but it was impossible. M. Charbonnier was a giant in size and strength ; a man who bore, without apparently feeling them, the greatest fatigues of the apostolate. Ah, but the executioner had marked all his body with the seal of martyrdom. For eleven months he had been thrown into a horrible and pestiferous dungeon ; and when from time to time he was taken out of it it was only to inflict on him fresh tortures ; to tear his side with iron hooks, or to scourge him till the bones were laid bare. "When I look at this man," wrote Henry Doré on the 11th September 1863, "my very blood boils in my veins ; and I cannot help exclaiming, 'O God, grant me the happiness some day of being able thus to bear witness to Thy Holy Name ; make me worthy to suffer something like this for Thee !'" These examples of martyrdom were ever before his eyes. The superior of the

seminary was Father Albrand ; the professors and directors were the Fathers Tesson, Voisin, Legrégeoir, Delpech, Rousseille, Pernot, and Charrier. One and all had suffered for the faith under the burning suns of India or of China ; and the two last had borne corporal tortures in defence of the truth, and been dragged before tyrants and kings for His name's sake. M. Charrier, professor of theology, had been twice put to the question in Cochin-China, had worn the "cangue," and been left for dead under the lash. He had said, smiling, to the chaplain of Monseigneur Retord : "Tell Monseigneur that I prefer my wooden head-gear to his mitre, and my chain to his golden one. His cross only has some value in my eyes ; but mine is a more precious one after all."

To these living witnesses were added other mute examples which spoke to the heart of our earnest missionary. He found them in a room rightly called the Hall of the Martyrs.

In 1864, two hundred years after the foundation of the Foreign Missionary College, the congregation counted thirty-three martyrs among its members ; of whom seventeen had been beheaded for the faith, eleven had died in prison under their tortures, and five had been massacred by the infidels : six had suffered at the end of the seventeenth century, five in the eighteenth, and the twenty-two others during the first half of the present century. Among the latter was Monseigneur Borié, Bishop of Acanthus, executed at Tonquin in 1838. His body, having been sent to Paris, was placed in the Hall of Martyrs, which was so soon to be enriched with equally-precious relics. The bands of red velvet which cover the walls, and the curtains of the same colour which hang from the windows, give to the whole room a look of blood and suffering. Ranged

on ledges round this hall are placed the relics of these confessors of the faith, and by their side the different instruments of torture by which their martyrdom was effected. The wooden yokes, the scourges and cords, all are displayed there, still red with the blood of their victims. Above, hang the portraits of the confessors, and pictures of their respective martyrdoms, which, if not always beautiful in an artistic sense, have nevertheless a startling look of reality. M. Louis Veuillot, in speaking of them, says: "These pictures make one shudder; the savage joy with which the executioners seem to glut over the tortures of their victims, while they brandish their swords wet with blood over their heads, is enough to appal the stoutest heart. Yet it is in presence of these horrible representations of cruelty and suffering that the future missionaries seem to acquire fresh courage and zeal for the apostolic life in which they are about to engage."

There Henry Dorié went daily to implore of God the strength needed for the warfare in which he had embarked. He had implored his patron and benefactor, the Count de Bessay, to come and pay him a visit while he was at Paris, so that he might once more express the gratitude with which his heart was overflowing for the generosity which had placed him where he was, and enabled him to fulfil his heart's desire. M. de Bessay accordingly came to see him, on the 24th May 1864, and instantly began entreating him to give up the idea of the foreign missions, and to come back with him to the Vendée, where his family were so anxiously expecting him. He described to him the despair and sorrow of his mother in the most moving terms, and wound up his entreaties by saying that he was convinced that a missionary's life was altogether

above and beyond his physical strength; that he would only fail and have to give up the whole thing; and that it was infinitely better for him to be content with the humbler life of a parish priest in his own country.

Henry was too much accustomed to struggles of this kind to be influenced even by the words of his benefactor. But full of the one higher thought which filled his mind, he suddenly rose, and dragged rather than led M. de Bessay into the Hall of Martyrs. The good Count owned afterwards that he would gladly have been spared the sight of that chamber of horrors; but the enthusiasm of his young companion was irresistible. What struck him most was the joyous calm of the young priest while describing to him the scenes of agony through which the martyrs had passed. The visit was over, and they came to the last coffin, which was empty. "My noble generous friend!" exclaimed Henry, suddenly turning round and embracing his benefactor, "it was in presence of this empty coffin that I wanted to pour out to you all my gratitude, all my hopes. Who knows whether it may not some day be mine? Ah! if God grants me my heart's desire, if He deigns to accept me among His martyrs, it is to you that I shall owe it, and to you alone. May God ever bless you for this unspeakable kindness!" While speaking, his face was radiant as that of an angel. The Count, thoroughly overcome, hurried out of the hall and down the staircase, his steps trembling with emotion, so that his *protégé* seized his arm to prevent his falling. "Ah, forgive me," he continued, "for having given you so painful an impression; but I wanted to let you know with what fervent hope I looked forward to martyrdom as the one crown worthy of ambition."

It was quite true ; Henry Dorié thought of nothing but of dying for our Lord ; and now that his wish has been accomplished, and that the sacrifice is consummated, his patron is equally proud of having been the instrument by which that glorious end was attained. But his zeal for martyrdom neither induced him to give way to impatience nor to murmur in any way at the wishes of his superiors. In humility, obedience, and faith he waited for the call of duty and the manifestation of God's will as regarded the future, content to leave all in His hands, and to add to his merits that of perfect submission and acquiescence in the disposition of His Providence.

CHAPTER III.

HENRY was about to leave the seminary where, as he often said, two of his happiest years had been spent. Before giving an account of his apostolic labours, we will mention the impression that he left on his masters and companions. For this purpose we will quote part of a letter written, on the 26th of October 1866, by F. Gelot, one of his Vendean friends.

“ Before we received the news of his martyrdom the students used to talk continually of Father Dorié. They spoke of him as of a charming child, so great was his purity, candour, and simplicity. In his relations with them he was always obliging, bright and amiable, ever choosing the lowest place and the humblest offices, from a spirit of intense humility and charity. They were all struck at his fervent piety and love of God ; and although he

rarely spoke about it, or made a parade of his religion, it was impossible not to see what was the ruling principle of his life, and what was ever uppermost in his thoughts. I spoke to his director about him the other day, who is also the superior of the college. He replied : ‘ His goodness was of the sort that is always to be relied upon, but which makes very little outward show. If I were asked to describe him, I should say he was a youth of singular piety, humility, and zeal ; and if I wished to name a first-rate priest, I should at once pitch upon Father Dorié.’ ”

Another of his directors, M. Delpech, wrote to the vicar of St. Hilaire on the 28th of September : “ Henry Dorié edified us all by his piety, his regularity, his gentleness, and the *naïve* simplicity of his character. We all remembered him here with affectionate admiration ; and now we must add to that feeling the veneration due to a martyr for the faith.”

Paris was the first scene of Father Dorié’s labours ; for the students were employed in ministerial work until such time as their future missions were decided upon. During the first few weeks of his priesthood he laboured assiduously in the parish, and converted many sinners to God ; persuading those to marry who were living in sin, and the like. But he never lost sight of his one object ; and his thoughts were perpetually turned toward the foreign missions, though he waited with patience and resignation for the will of his superiors. He had acquired a spirit of thorough indifference as to the particular mission to which he should be appointed. Writing to the Abbé Boudaud on the 3d June 1864, he says : “ I am very soon to embark for my post ; but what that is to be I have not an idea. The persecution has been renewed in Thibet, and the Coreans seem eager for instruction. I believe

three of our men are to be sent there, and I have a sort of hope I may be one of them ; God grant it may be so ! But there or elsewhere makes very little difference ; I never trouble my head about it. Pray for me, that I may maintain the same calmness to the end, so that I may really have no will but God's."

Some days after, the distribution was made ; it was on the 13th of June. Henry came calmly into the room where his superiors were assembled. What was to be his fate ? Tonquin, Thibet, China, India ? No ; the *Corea* was to be his lot. At that word he was almost beside himself with joy ; it was the one mission he coveted. It was not to him a sterile and barbarous land, still wet with the blood of its martyrs ; but the spouse which our Lord had given him, and which henceforth was to absorb his thoughts and wishes, his time, his labour, and his life. He sat down instantly to write to his old vicar : " Rejoice with me at the good news—the great news. My mission has been decided. I go to the *Corea*, with three of my companions. Thank God for me for being allowed to undertake such a glorious work."

To his great friend Henry Rimbaut he wrote on the 5th of June as follows :

" I start instantly for the *Corean* mission, and write a few lines of hurried farewell. Although I am going so far away, yet I shall never forget you or our boyhood's love. I am only too glad to be able to make this sacrifice for our dear Lord. I leave father, mother, friends, all I love for Him ; but it will be to meet again in heaven. To 'suffer for God' will be henceforth my motto. I do not know what awaits me in the *Corea* ; but may God's holy will be done ! Adieu ! I kiss you on both cheeks, and give you my blessing. May you be a holy and good

priest, so that we may meet in our only true home. My dearest brother, once more good-bye, and may God bless you !”

To one of the monitors at the great seminary of Luçon he likewise wrote :

“On the 15th of next month I start for the Corea, which is to be henceforth my battle-field. The great difficulty is to get into the country. The law punishes with death any stranger who attempts it ; but nevertheless other missionaries have managed to evade this Draconian code. They have been living there for a long time, though very quietly ; and they count hundreds of converts among the natives. My good companions and I are going to try and do the same thing, and to help our worn-out brothers. We shall meet with endless difficulties, I know ; but what does that matter ? Our lives will be spent under sheds, or in the holes of the rocks, amidst ice and snow, or burning heat. But if we are united to God, what have we to fear ? Give us a memento very often at the altar, that we may be filled with that interior spirit which alone can keep alive apostolic zeal. Farewell till we meet in heaven !”

He had always cherished the warmest feelings of affection towards his fellow-students, and so, on the eve of his departure, he wrote a joint letter to them, as follows : “Dear old friends, God calls me, and I obey His voice ; but do not fancy that distance can separate us. The memory of the happy days we have passed together will never be effaced from my mind ; and I am sure you will remember the poor little missionary toiling in the frost and snow of the mountains. Although six thousand miles from one another, we shall be labouring in the same vineyard and for the same Father, who is God, and for the same reward, which is heaven. Let the

best among us help the worst with their prayers, and then all will go well. As for me, I am in special need of your intercessions, dear friends, for my mission is an arduous one. Already a price is set upon my head; but what does that signify? Only pray for me, that I may win my palm. Hurrah for the Corea!"

To his favourite friend Theophilus he wrote separately: "Good-bye to happy days passed on the ocean's shore; to the much-loved woods where we have so often played together; to my native land, the Vendée, so dear to my heart. Good-bye to it all! The Corea opens her arms to receive me; she asks for labourers, and I come. Already do I feel heart and soul with my poor children there. Already in my dreams I have climbed her mountains and seen my little hiding-place in her rocks. How good is our God—the 'God of Israel!' Would only that such a mission had found a better labourer! I trust to your prayers to make me more worthy of such a work. Nay, more, you must strive to obtain for me the palm of martyrdom."

The 15th of July found the young Father Dorié in the same holy dispositions. It was the day fixed for his departure. His old director, the Abbé Guiton, and the Abbé Just Dreneau, hurried to Paris to wish him good-bye. With them came the Abbé Boudaud, as the representative of his parents and his old parish. And as the 15th was likewise the feast of St. Henry, his namesake and patron, all the Vendéans in the house combined to give him a special remembrance; while one of them, Father Cousin, composed some stanzas in his honour, which read like a prophecy.

The ceremony of "Departure" is a special one in the Foreign Missionary College, and, although so often renewed, is one that touches all hearts and

attracts crowds of spectators. The form is as follows: The evening before, about nine o'clock, the young missionaries and their directors meet in the oratory of our Lady. There they sing the "Ave Maris Stella," with the invocations, "Regina Apostolorum, Regina Martyrum, ora pro nobis." The "Magnificat" follows; after which they all go in procession to the church of St. Francis Xavier, where, after the chant "Veni Creator," one of those who have suffered as confessors for the faith in China or elsewhere gives a short address on the virtues required for the missions, and the marvellous fruits which they produce. The orator appeals to the generosity and heroism of his hearers. He invites them not to the joys of home and love and earthly pleasures, but to suffering, immolation, and self-sacrifice. In the horizon he dimly shadows forth a future of torture, imprisonment, and death. Yet these words—spoken by one who has himself gone through much of what he describes—have an incredible effect, and touch the hardest hearts. Many vocations have dated from that hour, and the impressions there given are rarely effaced.

Then the missionaries who are about to be sent out ascend the altar-steps to the foot of the tabernacle, and there turning round towards the congregation, receive an ovation of which the greatest of earth's conquerors might well be proud. All heads are bowed in presence of these representatives of the Catholic faith; all knees are bent as one by one the assistants come and embrace the feet which are about to carry the light of faith to the heathen; those feet which will henceforth be used but in recalling the lost sheep to their Father's fold; those feet which will never tarry till tyrants shall load them with chains; those feet which so soon will be the feet of our future martyrs. During this time

the psalm "In convertendo" is sung in choir, and everyone joins in the antiphon from the book of the Prophet Isaias, "*Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bonam.*" Afterwards the "Benedictus" is intoned with a repetition of the verse as an antiphon, "*Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent; ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis.*" And then follows the hymn of departure, beginning,

"Depart, O heralds of good tidings!" &c.

with the chorus :

"Depart, dear friends; farewell for this life!
Bear forth to the heathen the name of God.
One day we shall meet in our own true home.
Farewell, dear friends, farewell!"

The ceremony of departure generally lasts three-quarters of an hour, so great is the crowd. The scenes are touching on all sides. Here a friend is weeping over another whose happiness he cannot help envying. There a parent waters with his tears the feet of what he loves best in the world, and which yet he has freely given to God; another struggles with her emotion so as not to weaken the apostolic zeal of her son.

Even heretics and unbelievers, who on such occasions are often mingled with the faithful, yield to the influence of the moment, and mingle their tears with the rest. A military man, who was one day a witness to this scene, exclaimed, "Either they are all mad or all saints." Father Dorié exclaimed in reply, "Well said, colonel; they are mad with the folly of the Cross. O holy folly, when wilt thou absorb my whole being!"

The departure took place at half-past seven in

the evening. On leaving the church, ten missionaries took the road to the Lyons station, and started by the nine-o'clock train. Four amongst them were destined for the Corea; their names were:

1. Simeon Mary Antony Just Ranfer de Bretenières, of the diocese of Dijon, born on the 28th of February 1838, at Chalons sur Saône.

2. Bernard Louis Beaulieu, born at Langon in the diocese of Bordeaux, on the 8th of October 1840.

3. Martin Luke Huin, born at Guyonville, in the diocese of Langres, on the 20th of October 1836.

4. And Henry Dorié, whose life we are now writing.

All four were martyred in the same year and the same month, and will evermore be remembered together in the annals of the Church, and united on earth as they are in heaven. Father Dorié speaks most often in his letters of the first, whom he calls "the great Just," on account of his height; and of the second, Father Beaulieu, whom he chose as his director. He had a special affection for them both, as if he foresaw that both at the same hour should receive with him the martyr's palm.

At the moment when the train was starting the ten missionaries cried out, "Thanks be to God!" and then repeated the "Itinerary." Well might they do so, when the journey they were undertaking would only cease on the banks of eternity. So when they came to the words "*Ut revertamur ad propria*," one and all declared that they had no other ambition than to arrive at their real home, which is in heaven.

One of these missionaries came from Valence. When the train stopped, he got out for a few moments at the station to take leave of his mother,

who was accompanied by a good old priest, who came to give her courage for the parting. "His presence was indeed needful," wrote Henry, "for the poor widow sobbed and cried piteously. I was thankful that our partings were over and the sacrifice made once for all, so that we could go gladly on our way."

The missionaries were detained for three days at Marseilles, and took advantage of the delay to make a pilgrimage to "Notre Dame de la Garde," and to offer the Holy Sacrifice in that celebrated sanctuary. During this time the ship which was to transport them to Alexandria was making her preparations, and very soon the steam was up, and they were being carried across the Mediterranean to the East.

CHAPTER IV.

It was on the 19th of July that the missionaries finally bade farewell to France. They had taken their passage on board the Saïd, which left the harbour at two o'clock in the afternoon. No sooner had they encountered the waves of the Mediterranean than Henry became violently sea-sick. "My dinner and my breakfast speedily passed from my stomach to that of the fishes!" he writes merrily. Nevertheless, they had a capital passage, and cast anchor in the harbour of Alexandria on the 25th. A few hours after, the missionaries took the railroad to Cairo. The train stopped in one place opposite a plain, on which were pitched an almost innumerable quantity of tents, covering upwards of a league of ground. This was a great fair which the Egyptians were holding to celebrate the feast of one of their saints, and upwards of 700,000 people

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were gathered together. On inquiry the travellers found that the "saint" was simply a man who had died mad. Throughout the Mussulman Empire, at Constantinople and elsewhere, lunatics are considered to be inspired by God. Henry Dorié, moved with sorrow and anger at this sight, wanted to leave his carriage to expostulate with these fanatics ; but was reminded that he was due in the Corea, and had no right to risk his life elsewhere. On the 26th the missionaries arrived at Suez at three o'clock in the afternoon, after having traversed ninety miles of desert. An Arab sloop took them at once on board the *Camboja*, bound for China. The passage of the Red Sea was far more trying than that of the Mediterranean. The steamer reached Aden on the 1st of August, experiencing fearful heat, the thermometer being at 40°. Aden, with its calcined rocks without a blade of vegetation, its brazen sky, and its black inhabitants, appeared to our missionaries very like a foretaste of purgatory. The *Camboja* started again on the 2d, doubled the Cape, and entered the Indian Ocean. Unfortunately it was the season for the monsoon, that terrible wind which threatens destruction to ships of every class. For nine days they were in the utmost peril, and so ill that death seemed almost a desirable alternative. Providence protected them, however, and they landed on the 11th at Point de Galle, in the island of Ceylon, there to recruit their exhausted strength for a few days. The missionaries begged to be taken to the house of the Spanish Benedictine who had evangelised the island. This venerable man received them with the greatest cordiality. A grand funeral had at that moment attracted a large number of Indian converts, who eagerly pressed round the French missionaries to beg medals and rosaries from them, which they gladly distributed. The

prince of the island, a recent convert also, begged to be allowed to pay them a visit. They received him with open arms, and after a time sang together an antiphon, of which the sense was as follows :

“The Indian, is he not our brother? A son, like us, of the Eternal Father? Is there a foreign land for those whose home is only in heaven?”

If Aden appeared to Father Dorié a hell upon earth, Ceylon, as he wrote home, seemed to him a perfect terrestrial paradise, both from the richness of its vegetation and the deliciousness of its climate. They embarked again after a short time, but only to encounter fresh storms and fresh sufferings. But when they came to the Straits of Malacca, they experienced a sudden calm which enabled them, to their great joy, once more to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice on board. In the journal he sent home of his voyage to his parents, Father Dorié writes :

“This morning, the 18th August, when saying Mass in the midst of the Indian Ocean, I thought of you in the most special manner. We are in the region of storms, but the worst is now over. We have had a little thunder and lightning to-day, but no gale, and we are getting our sea-legs. If this favourable wind continues, the sailors say we shall soon be in Cochin-China. We are children of Providence, and fear nothing. On the 19th we hope to arrive at Singapore.”

They reached it the day after, and there found themselves amongst a number of their fellow-missioners. A gun from the fort having announced their arrival, they were met on landing by three of them, who escorted them joyfully to their convent, where a good breakfast had been prepared. They found seven of their congregation here, all eager to bid them welcome. With special joy did our three travellers embrace M. Borié, the brother of the

venerable Bishop who had been martyred at Tonquin in 1838.

Father Dorié wrote on this occasion to the Comte de Bessay: "Two Anglican ministers have accompanied us on this voyage; but I doubt if they will receive such a greeting from their co-religionists as we have done. The Catholic faith, wherever the Vicar of Jesus Christ numbers his children, alone has the secret of discovering real brothers and sisters."

The hour of embarkation came again but too quickly. The Corean missionaries took leave of their brethren, leaving behind one who was destined for the Siam mission. A similar cordial reception awaited them at Saigon, which they reached three days after. Mgr. Lefebvre, Bishop of Isauropolis, and an old confessor for the faith, received them with the greatest kindness. He gathered all his missionaries together, so that they sat down to dinner twenty-three in number. Many amongst them had been put to the torture, and suffered all but death for the sake of our Lord. Yet all were bright and cheerful; and merry laughter and droll repartees were exchanged round that hospitable board, where these apostolic men had met for the first and the last time on this earth. Night broke up the gathering, to be renewed only in heaven. Except for the pleasure which the Bishop's hospitality had afforded them, F. Dorié speaks with sorrow of Saigon: "It is a perfect Sodom and Gomorrah!" he exclaimed in writing home. "Even in broad daylight one must walk with one's eyes shut, so flagrant is the immorality of the place."

On leaving Saigon, they coasted along the shores of the empire of Anam. But the captain became alarmed at the sudden fall of the barometer; the dead calm, and the intense and suffocating heat, all

presaged a storm and the much-dreaded typhoon ; so that he resolved to quit the coast and run out to sea. His prudence saved the ship ; for the typhoon came, and while the other vessels, who were hugging the shore, were driven on the rocks or went down with all hands, the *Camboja* arrived safely in the harbour of Hong-Kong, and cast anchor on Sunday the 28th, at six o'clock in the morning.

Our Korean missionaries were to stop at Shanghai for four or five months, to wait till the melting of the ice and snow should enable them to proceed to their destination. But the superior of the Hong-Kong mission determined to retain them in that town until their health had recovered from the fatigues of their long and perilous voyage. Unforeseen circumstances had changed their plan of operations. The threatened persecution in the Corea decided their superiors to send them by the province of Manchooria, where Mgr. Vérolles, Bishop of Columbia, and Vicar-Apostolic of that country, was to receive them, and watch his opportunity for them to penetrate into the interior. Their journey would, in consequence, be lengthened some hundreds of miles ; but it seemed the only practicable way of arriving at their mission. The greatest danger was to their health, as they were going to plunge from a heat of 35°, which they were enduring at Hong-Kong, to a cold of equal intensity in the province of Manchooria. But they never gave this a thought. God had so willed it, and their only desire was to obey. Writing to his old friend, the vicar of St. Hilaire, Father Dorié says : " Our march-route is altered, and we are going to enter the Corea by the opposite side. But what does that signify ? It is a capital apprenticeship for us. But we haven't got there yet. The pirates of the Yellow River may take it into their heads to make an end of us as we go down

their stream, and no great harm either. May God's holy will be done ! Our rendezvous is in heaven : happy he who gets there first." Such words need no comment. It was evident that no hardships would deter our intrepid missionary, who, from the very first hour he had given himself to the work, could say with the Apostle, "Who shall separate me from the love of Christ ?" &c.

The name of Hong-Kong is given to a group of islands adjoining the Chinese continent, in front of Canton. One of these only is inhabited by Europeans of all nations, mixed with 120,000 Chinamen, in a town which specially bears that appellation. The island itself is called Victoria, as it belongs to the English. As liberty is here secured to the Christians by our flag, the congregation of Foreign Missions have established a central house in Hong-Kong for the use of all the Eastern missions. Father Dorié passed a few happy weeks there. The only thing which grieved his priest's heart was a pagan feast celebrated by the Chinese in honour of one of their idols, and during which an endless quantity of fireworks were let off, with a grand firing of guns, and other rejoicings. He could hardly be persuaded that interference was useless, and that his remonstrances would be unheard by the pagan throng, so hotly did his heart burn within him to avenge the honour of his God prostituted by these poor people to their senseless idols.

On the 29th of September the gun on Victoria Point announced the arrival of the French steamer *Hydaspe*, bound for Shanghai. Our missionaries embarked at five o'clock in the evening. Sea-sickness confined Father Dorié to his berth till they got into the Channel of Formosa. Disembarking at Shanghai on the 5th October, they went on board a Swedish vessel, the *Eclipse*, which was about to

sail for Tchin-Shien, in the province of Léao-Tong. For three days they went down the Blue River, and then began the navigation of the Yellow Sea. They escaped the pirates, with whom they had been threatened ; but their vessel was nearly lost in a frightful gale, which threw them on a spit of land nearly opposite the island of Corea. So ill were all the poor missionaries, that they could not rise from their berths to have a first look at the long-desired land which they had come so far to seek. "If I had not been in bed," Father Dorié wrote to his old parish priest, "I could at least have beheld the scene of my dear future mission. O, how glad we should have been could we have landed there, and at once begun our work of conversion ! But a contrary wind brought us back to the Chinese coast."

The gale having subsided a little, the ship again put to sea and made for the port. After three days they found themselves within a few miles of their destination ; but towards seven o'clock in the evening, at a moment when no one was keeping watch, a furious blast struck the ship with such fury that the mizen-mast was broken, and for the succeeding two days the vessel continued rolling at the mercy of the winds, while the sailors, never having been in similar straits, completely lost their heads. Luckily for our missionaries a calm succeeded this awful gale, and they were able to regain their lost ground. At last they came upon the mouth of the river. In order to navigate it safely, however, a Chinese pilot was indispensable, and this man made them wait a long time. When he came on board, the wind suddenly veered round to the north-east, and for thirty-six hours the ship could not make a knot an hour. At last they were enabled to cast anchor at the entrance of the River Léao ; but there again a contrary wind detained them for eight days. It seemed as if

the spirits of evil were leagued together to throw obstacles in the way of their landing. It was only on the 28th of October that they could make the port of Tchín-Shien or Tin-Kao. The passage altogether had lasted twenty-one days instead of ten. They were days of unmitigated suffering, almost amounting to agony, to poor Father Dorié. But the more his body was a prey to fever and almost convulsed with pain, the more his calm soul seemed united with God in a region of pure and cloudless serenity.

In addition to the dangers which threatened them at sea were those which they had to encounter on land. They were only ten miles from M. Mé-tayer, who lived at Yang-Kouang, but how to join him with their baggage was the difficulty. Providence, as usual, came to their aid. Fathers Huin and De Bretenières landed, and threw themselves on the kindness and generosity of some English merchants to whom they had obtained introductions. These good men undertook to provide them with two little light wagons and horses, and begged our holy missionaries to breakfast with them. After breakfast, Fathers Dorié and Beaulieu mounted their horses, while the two other priests got into the carts. Fearing their baggage might be too heavy, they took absolutely nothing but their carpet-bags, leaving all the rest at Tin-Kao. In spite of that precaution, the roads were in such a state that the carriages sunk in the mud up to the axle and the horses up to their necks. Instead of making the ten leagues they hoped to accomplish in the day, their conductors insisted on stopping half-way at a little wayside inn, where they slept and dined. An inn in Manchooria is a long covered gallery, with a series of ovens on each side, on which the passengers sleep, so that they might not be frozen to death. These ovens are in brick,

raised about two feet from the ground, and called "kan." There is nothing to be had to eat in the generality of these so-called hotels. It is necessary not only to carry one's provisions with one, but to watch over their safety, and not to sleep too soundly, as the universal custom is to rob the unwary traveller of everything he may have about him. A room is always set apart for the Chinese household gods—horrible and often grotesque images, which would frighten children in Europe almost to death, and which sadden the hearts of the Christians. In a room of this sort our missionaries passed the night of the 29th October. The devils must have trembled at their unexpected guests. They came out in the morning covered with vermin, both fleas and lice, which had effectually prevented their having any rest.

They continued their journey at daybreak, and arrived at M. Métayer's house in time to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. M. Métayer received them with open arms, arranged everything for their journey to "Our Lady in the Snow," which is the residence of Monseigneur Vérolles, the Vicar-Apostolic of Manchooria, and sent some Christian porters to Tin-Kao to fetch their heavy baggage. The missionaries stayed with him over All Saints'-day, and then went on to receive their orders from monseigneur. It took them two whole days to traverse the fifteen leagues which separated them from Yang-Kouang, the roads being more impassable than ever; but this time they journeyed with far more comfort and security, having Christians as their conductors. The first day, however, their carriage was upset in the mud, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could raise and repair it sufficiently to continue their journey. "Had not our angel-guardians come to our assistance, we should have been upset twenty times,"

wrote Father Dorié. They had at least the consolation of arriving in the evening at a Christian dwelling where they were hospitably received. For the first time they supped *à la Chinoise*; that is, they were given chop-sticks instead of knives and forks, and taught to throw mouthfuls of food with them into their mouths—an occupation which afforded many a laugh at each other's expense. They prayed with the catechumens whom they found at this station, and then slept on the ovens as before. The next day they were assailed by a body of soldiers sent to protect the road from robbers, while they themselves were the greatest brigands of all. The missionaries were only spared because the soldiers fancied they were English merchants, and would therefore be armed to the teeth. One of them, braver than the rest, tried to take possession of one of the carpet-bags. "Beware!" exclaimed the cunning Chinese conductor. "If you had the misfortune to touch one of these, you would see what would happen!" Mysterious words, which induced the terrified soldier to take to his heels. At last they arrived at the house of Monseigneur Vérolles, who received them like a father. Soon the bell of "Our Lady" echoed in the belfry, and announced their arrival to the inhabitants of the little valley watered by the Saro. A very pretty little cathedral has been built on this spot for the vicariate of Manchooria, and our missionaries joyfully intoned a hymn of thanksgiving in honour of "Our Lady in the Snow." The Vicar-Apostolic lodged his guests as well as he could, and kept them for fifteen days to recruit their health, and to be able to talk over the affairs of the missions. Every day Father Dorié, in taking his usual walk, used to climb up to a little peak from whence the mountains of the Corea were visible. He used to salute them with joy, and pray that his good

angel might go before him and prepare the hearts of the people to listen to his words.

As the courier was not yet gone, Monseigneur Vérolles wrote a letter to Monseigneur Berneux, to let him know of the safe arrival of the new missionaries, and to beg him to send a junk for them to Melinto the first fortnight in May 1865. In the mean while he assigned to each missionary a station in his vicariate, so as to employ their zeal during the coming winter, and to learn Chinese, which was absolutely necessary for their future usefulness. He placed each at a short distance from the other on the sea-coast; the two Fathers, Huin and Beaulieu, were sent to the "Valley of Willows;" the two next to Yang-Kouang, or the "Palace of the Sun," where M. de Bretenières was to remain with M. Métayer; while our good Father Dorié was appointed to the mission of "St. Joseph of the Bears," a village situated on the sea-coast, about eight miles from Yang-Kouang. He would have set off at once, but the snow fell so heavily that it was ten days before the Christians of that district could come to fetch him. They all started on foot for their different destinations; but Father Dorié was compelled to get one of the light country carts for his baggage. He began his perilous journey very early on the 28th of November, amidst freezing cold and an icy wind. When the day dawned, the natives crowded round him, to see the "Koui-tzen" (or Son of the Devil), as they called him, the children scrambling on the walls, and the whole population turning out to stare at him. His Christian escort were very proud of this reception, and answered all their questions about him with truly oriental hyperbole. As for Father Dorié himself, he was mute, for the simple reason that he could not understand a word they said; but the people thought he kept silence from a feeling of

dignity, and he appeared the greater man in their eyes in consequence. Arrived at St. Joseph, the Christians welcomed him as an angel of God. They came to meet him at the entrance of the village, and conducted him in triumph to their chapel. There the candles were all lit, and holy water and incense placed on the altar: it was like the reception of a bishop. All prostrated themselves before him, touching the ground three times with their foreheads, which is the Chinese form of salutation to superiors. Father Doré could only respond with tears and blessings to the enthusiasm of his neophytes. He took refuge in the room they had prepared for him; but all insisted on following him, so that they might come closer to their dear "chene fou" (spiritual father); and it was not till long after supper that he was left in peace. Finding himself at length alone, he threw himself on his knees before the altar, offering himself anew to God as a victim for these his children; and then, having said his office, lay down on his oven to take the repose he so sorely needed. His dream was at last realised, and his apostolic work begun.

The Chinese name of this mission was "*Tsi Yun-io-shan-si-iu-kia iuer-tzen*," which signifies the Garden of the Family to the West of the dear Mountain. This village, built in a valley, is bounded to the south and north by hills, to the west by the Yellow Sea or Gulf of Léo-tong, and to the east by the Great Bear Mountain, which gives its name to a village of 20,000 souls (*io* meaning mountain, and *Tsi Yun* bear). The town, which bears on the maps the name of *Yong-Phinz-Tien*, is surrounded with high walls. The village of St. Joseph, which takes its name from the church having been dedicated to that saint, is less than a league from the town. It

contains about 300 people, but not more than twenty houses ; and a large number of its inhabitants are still plunged in paganism. Although it is situated in the 40° of latitude, which is equivalent to the North of Spain, the cold is excessive. The thermometer, even in the mildest winter, is 25° or 30° below zero ; and the sea itself, for upwards of two leagues from the coast, is covered with ice more than thirty inches thick.

To keep their poor missionary alive, the Christians kept the fire under his oven going night and day, and provided him with a long cloak lined with sheepskin and furs. They even made a fur case for his nose when he went out, and persuaded him to allow his beard to grow under his chin, and to take the name of *Ton*, which signifies a service-tree. He spent all the time not occupied by his ministerial functions in studying the language of the country ; two catechists came alternately to give him lessons. Full of hope, and work, and zeal, he was spared the feelings of melancholy which generally attend persons so isolated from human sympathy ; in proof of which we will give an extract from one of his letters to his friends in the Vendée :

“The first weeks in my new mission were not as disagreeable as you seem to fancy. Entirely alone, unable to speak a word or understand what was said to one, it would seem to be hopelessly discouraging ! On the contrary, one feels happier than ever. I confess I never thought to be as joyous in this world as I was during the first month here, when God seemed to fill me with His grace and give me courage for everything. My companions feel as I do ; so that our residence in Manchooria will leave nothing but pleasant impressions on all our minds.”

If Father Dorié was thus happy among his “little bears,” as he laughingly called his flock, the

bears themselves were devoted to him. His look and manner, his delicate complexion, his angelic piety, and his loving sympathy won all hearts. The only thing they regretted was that, owing to the cold, they did not dare shave his head. Their great wish was to do this, leaving only one long bit of hair with which to make a tail, ornamented with little bands of silk—that most sacred of appendages to a Chinaman. They testified their affection by supplying him most liberally with food, bringing him every day two dishes of meat, and sometimes four. But on Christmas-day they were so enchanted at having had the midnight Mass for the first time, that after High Mass they brought him no less than sixteen messes of different sorts, and then threw themselves at his feet imploring his blessing. If Father Dorié's stomach recoiled at the quantity, he was not the less touched at the feeling which prompted it. "I must make the most of my present abundance," he wrote gaily home; "for in the Corea a piece of dog's flesh is looked upon as a luxury. But you know how little I care for such things. I do not seek ease or comfort, only souls."

The room which he inhabited was twelve feet high, with brick walls, and papered with a white French paper. It had the luxury of a bed, a cupboard, a table, and a chair. Besides a little window towards the east, it had two doors, one of which led to the chapel. This chapel was the same size as the living-room, but decorated with the Stations of the Cross; while a large picture of St. Joseph hung over the high altar. There were eight tall candlesticks on the altar, and six flower-pots; a most unusual splendour for China. It was in this humble little sanctuary that Father Dorié celebrated Mass every morning, and drew from thence ineffable consolations. To hide the chapel from profane eyes,

the Christians had built a high wall all round it ; but no attempt was ever made by the Chinese to molest them.

Wishing to see how his fellow-missionaries were getting on, Father Dorié paid a visit to Yang-Kouang on the 3d of January. He was agreeably surprised to find Mgr. Vérolles, who had come to "the Palace of the Sun" to celebrate the Feast of the Epiphany. Seven European missionaries, without any previous concert, assisted the Vicar-Apostolic in this solemnity, and that with all possible pomp. The faithful of the locality were enchanted. Father Dorié's visit was a providential one ; for the following day he was seized with fever, which ended in smallpox. At St. Joseph's he would have died, in all probability. While here, he was nursed in the tenderest manner, both by M. Métayer and "the great Just," M. de Bretenières ; so that at the end of fifteen days he was well enough to return to his mission.

On his arrival, he found that the Chinese New-year's-day was at hand, and received, in consequence, presents and felicitations of all sorts ; not only from the Christians, but from the pagans, who all came kneeling to offer their gifts. The rejoicings lasted a fortnight, and were accompanied by fireworks, firing of guns, and other demonstrations. Father Dorié stayed at St. Joseph till the middle of April, which was a sojourn of four months and a half. He did not content himself during that time with studying the language only, but devoted himself to the care of his little flock. Every morning he said Mass in spite of the intense cold, which froze the water in the cruets, though only a foot or two from the brazier ; and in spite of the deep snow not a single Christian in the place failed to come. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception he put on a new white chasuble, which had been sent him

by Madame de la Bastière ; and the whole population came out to express their admiration and delight. At first, he could only converse by signs ; but on Palm Sunday he took courage, and preached a sermon on the origin of the day's festival, which gave great satisfaction to his audience, who were enchanted with their palms, which they carried for the first time in procession. He induced them also to repeat their prayers more slowly and with greater devotion and recollection, as their habit had been to gabble over their litanies as fast as they could. He did not dare hear their confessions for the first month or two ; but a woman being in danger of death, and no one else being at hand, he resolved to conquer his timidity, and God gave him in return the gift of tongues ; so that he was able, not only to understand her, but to give her the help and consolations of which she stood so much in need. He had continual baptisms ; and to the first children brought to him gave the name of his father and mother—"Peter" and "Genevieve"—names which brought tears of recollection for a moment to his eyes. Yet he was very happy, and extremely interested in his work, though longing for the moment to arrive which was to witness his departure for his "dear Corea."

When the Corean missionaries left Paris on the 15th of July 1864, they did not bring their heavy luggage with them ; that was sent round by long sea and the Cape of Good Hope. The vessel that contained it came into the Yellow Sea when the breaking-up of the ice had cleared the passage ; but on arriving close to the port she went down, and her freight was irretrievably ruined. However, some of the things most essential to the missionaries were rescued by divers ; and then they began to think seriously of departure.

Father Dorié decided to leave St. Joseph on the 14th of April, after the Easter celebration. The Christians, to testify their gratitude, made him a present of a pig and twenty-five pounds of flour. Father Dorié took advantage of the circumstance to invite them all to dinner. In the evening they said the Rosary together, and then parted, giving one another "*rendez-vous*" in heaven. Everyone shed tears; many of them, especially the chief catechist, wept aloud. "I was myself very much upset," wrote Father Dorié. "I loved them as if they had been my own children; and I had just begun to understand them, and they me; but I had no choice but to obey."

He left to each of them a picture or a book as a remembrance of his visit. Eleven of them accompanied him to Yang-Kouam, where he stayed some days. He took advantage of this interval of leisure to write to his much-loved and venerable superior at the Paris Foreign Missionary College. "The time of ease and of honours and dignities is over for me!" he exclaims. "The gala-days with my 'little bears,' M. Métayer's pheasants, and M. de Bretenière's ducks, have given me new life. I am better now than I ever was in my life. The rigour of the climate has not affected my bodily health in the least; would that I could speak as well of myself spiritually! But the viler the instrument, the greater will be God's glory. Pray, venerable father, pray, I entreat of you, for your poor unworthy little Corean missionary."

On the 24th of April, accordingly, our four missionaries started for "Our Lady in the Snow," to take leave of Mgr. Vérolles, and to wish him good-bye. Father Dorié sang the High Mass on Sunday the 30th of April, and in the evening M. Métayer gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The

next day they mounted their mules and proceeded to Ta-Tsouang-Ho, the place chosen for their embarkation.

On the 2d of May they took their last look of the Mandchourie country, where, like birds of passage, they had but rested for a little while before taking a stronger flight towards their adopted country. This time they found no European steamer fitted up with every luxury, and calculated to resist the most violent storms, but a miserable little Chinese junk, the captain of which for a certain sum of money agreed to land them at the island of Melinto, and to keep them, if necessary, till the 20th. Weighing anchor that evening, and having a favourable wind, they arrived on the 5th within twenty yards of the Korean coast. The Korean boats passed and repassed them without taking the slightest notice. They had anchored opposite the little island of Sava-Tao, inhabited by a race of dark-skinned savages. A Chinese junk will never sail with a contrary wind or during rain ; so, as the weather was unfavourable, the captain laid-to till the 11th, when the missionaries bribed him to continue his voyage. "Money," exclaimed Father Dorié, "may indeed be called the God of the Chinese. I always think Virgil must have had these people in his mind when he wrote :

'Quid non mortalia pectora cogis
Auri sacra fames?'

At the sight of gold every man set to work, and they were going on swimmingly, when a horrible tempest arose, which threatened the junk with instant destruction. The clumsy boat became utterly unmanageable, and there were two feet of water in her hold. The gale increased to such an extent that the missionaries had to hold on by the ropes to pre-

vent being blown into the sea. The Chinese, filled with terror, lost their heads, and, instead of attempting to navigate the vessel, began to beat their tom-toms, fire off their guns, and burn a quantity of paper to appease the evil genius who, they imagined, was hidden in the rocks. The Christians betook themselves to prayer, and invoked the help which never fails in time of need. Their petitions were heard, the junk doubled the Cape, and landed them in beautiful calm weather on the desert island of Melinto, where Mgr. Berneux had agreed to send a boat to transport them to the mainland. The signal for their arrival was to be the hoisting of a red flag. The flag was hoisted, but no boat appeared, nor any sign of life from the Corea. This went on till the 19th, and the following day the pilot, according to his agreement, was to return to China. Their position was all the more critical, because the hoisting of the red flag had given the alarm to all the other junks. They understood at once that this was a European signal, and six of their number boarded the missionaries' junk to reconnoitre. They were obliged to leave the hold where they lay concealed and come on deck; but the Chinese, having satisfied their curiosity, left them in peace. In fact, their danger did not lie with them, but with the Coreans, from whom they were most anxious to conceal their arrival.

This, unfortunately, became impossible, owing to the untoward delay; and on the 15th, towards evening, the Corean mandarin came on board to ask the Chinese captain his reason for hoisting the red flag. Before issuing an order to quit his anchorage, the mandarin told the captain he must insist on a domiciliary visit. All would then have been lost, had not the cunning pilot induced the Corean official to take some refreshment before

going over the junk. The mandarin accepted the offer with great satisfaction, and the captain having plied him well with brandy, he was soon dead-drunk, and the inspection was postponed *sine die*. On the 17th, a quarter of a hour before midnight, a slight sound of oars was heard, and six Coreans, dressed in white, came on board the junk. They made the sign of the cross, and pronounced the name of Mgr. Berneux, which was to be one of the signals for the Europeans, offering at the same time to take charge of all their baggage, and land them safely in the Corea. For a few moments the missionaries thought their deliverance was at hand ; but F. Dorié, more prudent than the rest, inquired of the Coreans if they had brought any letters, or mourning-clothes, which were to be their disguise, and which the Vicar-Apostolic had promised to send with his messengers? On the Coreans confessing that they had neither, they found they had to deal with a set of smugglers, whose only object evidently was plunder. What were they to do? If they put themselves into the hands of these men, they ran the risk of being robbed, and perhaps put to death ; on the other hand, if they returned with their pilot to the coast of China, the whole object of their voyage would be lost. As they discovered that some of the smugglers were Christians, they resolved to temporise, and at any rate to persuade them to wait till the 20th, hoping in the interval for the arrival of Mgr. Berneux's promised boat. We may imagine how wearily passed the succeeding hours, and how fervent were the prayers offered up by the pious missionaries for a favourable issue to their undertaking. On the 19th they landed in the island, and found it entirely barren and deserted. To prevent the establishment of any Chinese or European settlers, the Coreans burn every year all the trees

and grass. That evening our missionaries held a council of war as to what was to be done. No sail was in sight, and they were forced to come to some decision before the morrow. Out of the four, two decided to return to China, and the other two to trust themselves to the smugglers, whatever happened. Father Dorié was of the latter number. They lay down and slept quietly that night, as if no life-and-death issue were pending on the morrow, secure in the providence of God, and entirely resigned to whatever was His will concerning them. Their trust was repaid by the arrival, on that very morning of the 20th, of the long-expected boat, which, under cover of a gray sky and a thick fog, had eluded the vigilance of the Corean cruisers. Half-an-hour later their baggage had been all transhipped, and their boat, gliding out of the port under cover of the darkness, was sailing rapidly towards the mainland. They rounded the Cape in safety while the missionaries recited their *Te Deum* in a low voice, and felt that their prayers had indeed been answered. At ten o'clock they donned the mourning-disguise which had been prepared for them, so as to elude curiosity on landing; for no Corean ever speaks to mourners when they adopt that particular dress. It consists of a cloak and vest made of a kind of coarse canvas, such as is used among us for wrapping-up bales of goods, with knickerbockers of the same, wider than those of the Zouaves, and with straw-plaited slippers made with a hole for the great toe—we suppose, with the object of walking more freely, although to Europeans the result is a continual wounding of the member in question against the rough stones. The hair is brushed back, gathered into a high knot on the top of the head, and kept there by a horsehair band. The whole is surmounted by a bamboo-hat, shaped

like a circular melon-glass, and almost entirely covering the face. The disguise is completed by the wearer holding two little sticks which support a veil falling over the face, and effectually concealing the features. Our good missionaries laughed heartily at each other in their new dresses, and yet rejoiced at being thus able to sow the good seed of the Gospel in the field which the Lord of the harvest had assigned to them. However, they were not yet landed, and the last stage of their voyage was to be as full of trouble as the first. Their boat had sails and ropes of straw, and with difficulty made five leagues in twenty-four hours. To make matters worse, the rain came down in torrents. They tried to take shelter under the poop, but that also being made of straw, the water soaked through and wetted them completely. If only they could have sat down or stood up ! But that was impossible. Their so-called cabin was six feet long, but only three feet wide and four feet high ; so that, to rest at all, they were compelled to lie full length, one on the top of the other, like herrings in a barrel. Moreover, the vessel leaked copiously ; so that their clothes were soaked from below as well as from above. We must recollect, also, that this stifling state of things was in the month of May ; and that their provisions were not only very bad, but extremely scanty. Nevertheless, not a single complaint was heard. One thing only grieved them : that they did not seem to be nearing the mainland. They had been told that they should arrive in a few hours at Séoul, the capital of the kingdom ; and yet they had been for six days and nights in this wretched plight, and were no nearer their destination than when they first left the island. The truth was, that their boatmen had deceived them. Fearing the consequences, should the nature and object

of their passengers be discovered by the authorities, and knowing that they ran the risk of losing their heads, they quietly disregarded their orders, and steered their vessel for their own homes. They came from a wretched village thirty leagues lower down, called Naïppo, which was composed of a few wretched mud-houses covered with straw. The pilot landed our poor missionaries on an unwholesome marsh, which they had the greatest difficulty in traversing, as the ground sunk at every step under their feet. This was the evening of the 26th of May 1865. Their reception was far from being an agreeable one. The few Christians at Naïppo had had no notice of their arrival. Their natural timidity was roused, and they dreaded lest the advent of the missionaries should be the signal for the renewal of the persecution. Each man therefore closed his door, and kept himself carefully at home. The catechist alone, though in reality as much frightened as the rest, invited the Europeans into his house, and did his best to get them some food; but he made them sleep in a separate cottage, so as not to arouse suspicion, and that he might not himself be compromised should the missionaries be discovered.

Fear is often a bad counsellor. Deceived by their pilot, who was himself a native of the place, the Fathers summoned the village to repair their faults by conducting them to the capital. This proceeding might have been attended with extreme danger. Fortunately Providence came to their assistance. Porters were being searched for in the adjoining villages, when they met Mgr. Daveluy, Bishop of Acona, and the coadjutor of the Bishop of Capse, Mgr. Berneux. This zealous pastor hastened to meet the new missionaries, and console and strengthen them, while he contrived to conceal

their arrival from the pagans. He sent Father de Bretenières to the Vicar-Apostolic, and carried off the three others to the old residence of M. Landré, who had died on the 15th September 1863.

M. de Bretenières arrived safe and sound at Séoul (called also "the Town of Delight"), and Mgr. Berneux hastened to send chairs and porters for Father Dorié and Father Beaulieu. They arrived three days later in the capital, carried on the shoulders of their guides, and dressed in mourning as before, through the tortuous streets of the town, until they reached the Bishop's house. Here they stayed for fifteen days in one little room, which served for bedroom, parlour, dining-room, chapel, and sacristy, and which was so low that it was impossible to officiate with a mitre on your head.

There is no man, to whatever sect he may belong, who does not speak with affectionate veneration of those early days of Christianity, when its professors enrolled themselves under its banner in hourly peril of their lives ; but it is the fashion to say that those noble and heroic days are past. It is not so. At the moment in which we are writing the same triumphs of the faith are being enacted. Now, as then, religious meetings are held at dead of night or dawn of day, in deserts or in catacombs. Now, as then, with stones for altars and trunks of trees for pontifical thrones, the soldiers of the Cross go forth and immolate the adorable Victim for the salvation of the heathen. Now, as then, the powers of hell are leagued against them ; and when God for a little while permits Satan to triumph, the soil is watered with the blood of her martyrs. No : Christianity is ever the same ; and her spirit is continually revived in the Catholic apostolate. It is impossible to describe the pleasure with which Mgr. Berneux received the new labourers which the Paris

Foreign Missionary College had sent him. He was indeed in want of help, for twenty-five years of toil among these barbarous people had nearly exhausted his strength. When he was first appointed to this vicariate in 1854, he exclaimed, "The Corea! that land of martyrs! The very name thrills through the heart of the missionary. Who would not rejoice to enter, now that the door is at last opened?" He welcomed the missionaries as if they had been his own children, shared with them all that the charity of the faithful had sent him, and talked to them for a long while on their future prospects. He described the Coreans as more and more eager for instruction; but said that the hostility of the court was on the increase, and that he very much feared the breaking out of a new persecution. As soon as they had rested from their fatigues, he assigned to each a mission, and exhorted them to devote themselves especially to learning the language of the country, so that they might as soon as possible be able to preach, and administer the Sacraments. Father Huin was left with Mgr. Daveluy; an apartment in Séoul was found for Father de Bretenières; while Father Dorié and Father Beaulieu were placed about a league and a half from each other, seven miles distant from the capital, the former at a village called Son-Kol, and the latter at Mioreuni. So at last Father Dorié found himself fairly established as a Corean missionary, and the desire of his heart was fulfilled. But before describing his life in his new mission, we will give a slight sketch of the state of the kingdom, and the efforts which had been made in the last two centuries for the conversion of the people.

CHAPTER V.

AN insurmountable barrier separates the Corea from all civilised countries, and brings about a state of enforced barbarism. This is the law which condemns to death any stranger who dares to set foot on her shores. Everyone, therefore, be they merchants, or travellers, or tourists, when they near this inhospitable land, pass round or outside of it without a visit. Everywhere else Christianity comes in contact with Paganism ; and civilisation has some chance of improving an otherwise barbarous nation. There is not an island in the wide ocean which escapes these influences. There is not a province in India or China or Tartary where some glimmer of light has not penetrated. Even in Japan a change is come ; and in January 1867 her national banner floated by the side of the French and English flags in the largest capital of Europe. The Coreans alone refuse to recognise as brothers any other members of the great human family ; and yet nowhere has Nature been more sparing of her gifts. It seems as if the old fable of our childhood were here realised, and that a wicked fairy must have presided at her birth ; or else that Satan, to revenge himself for his defeats in other corners of the earth, had chosen this distant part of the globe for his kingdom. This triumph of evil will, we trust, be of no long duration. There, as everywhere else, his sceptre will be broken, and the Corea will realise the truth of those prophetic words, "*Domini est terra et plenitudo ejus ;*" "*Regnavit a ligno Deus.*"

The letters and annals of the Propagation of the Faith afford the only information we have had for centuries about this extraordinary people. Having read these accounts with great care, we will here give a summary of their contents.

The Corea is a peninsula situated in the north of China. It is between the 34th and 42d degree of latitude, and the 122d and 129th degree of longitude. It is bounded on the north by the great wall which separates Tartary from the Mandchourie country, and also by fifteen leagues of arid ground, which the Coreans themselves have converted into a desert to separate themselves more entirely from all contact with strangers. To the west is the Yellow Sea; to the south a canal which communicates with the Chinese waters; while to the east is the Japanese ocean, the island of Japan being only at twenty-five or thirty leagues' distance.

Formerly the Corea formed a part of the Mandchourie country; but her frontiers having now been compressed, the little province does not extend beyond two hundred leagues one way and sixty the other. It is governed by a king, whose power is absolute, but who has a council composed of three of the great ministers of state and six inferior ones. But the king no longer enjoys his old complete independence. The Japanese made a descent into the country in 1592, and massacred the inhabitants in the most horrible manner. Although driven from the peninsula by the natives in 1597, they have always kept a strong garrison in one of the towns, and extort an annual tribute, which consisted originally of thirty human skins, but now is paid in money, rice, &c. The Chinese in their turn invaded the Corea in the year 1636, and ravaged the whole country with fire and sword. From that time the King of Corea recognised the Emperor of China as suzerain, and now receives from him his investiture as king, and sends him an embassy to render him homage as a vassal every New-year's day.

The inhabitants of the kingdom, without counting the slaves, who are not reckoned in the social

scale, form three classes : the people, who work and pay ; the tradesmen ; and the nobles, before whom everyone trembles, even the fierce mandarin. M. Daveluy, now Bishop of Acona, wrote in 1846 that the Corean nobles seemed to him the proudest in the universe, and that the tyranny exercised by them over the lower classes was something horrible. The country is divided into eight provinces, which have each a governor. These are subdivided into districts, administered by subaltern mandarins, who, like leeches, suck the very blood and gold of the labourer. Their number amounts to 361, which is likewise the official number of the towns in the kingdom. The capital is Hang-Yang, or Séoul, called, as we have said before, the "Town of Delight," situated on the river Salu, eight or ten leagues from its mouth, which river empties itself into the Yellow Sea.

The sun which shines in the Corea is the same which lights up the blue sky of Spain ; but the temperature of the two countries is widely different. Plains are unknown in the Corea ; it is all mountains and narrow valleys, intersected with a multitude of streams and torrents. The soil is consequently either completely burnt up by the heat of the summer solstice, or covered with ice and snow under that of winter. There is neither spring nor autumn.

The country, however, is not altogether barren ; for it produces cotton, tobacco, rice, wheat, and, generally speaking, such fruits and vegetables as flourish in the temperate zones of Europe. The only difference is in the taste, which is incomparably less. They cultivate vines, but do not make wine of the grape ; what is called by that name in the Corea is a fermented liquor. The poor people quench their thirst with rice-water, and the rich

with brandy, which they extract from wheat in a state of fermentation.

The Corean mountains are covered with a number of virgin forests, of which the enormous trunks are only cut down at the edges of the roads. Clouds of pheasants and birds of all kinds perch at night in the branches. The valleys abound in iron, copper, and other more valuable mines, which, however, are not worked. In many of the streams gold deposits are found, but a severe law forbids anyone to touch them. Copper money has no circulation; silver is unknown, even in the fairs which the law authorises with the Mandchourins. In these tumultuous assemblies, where the two people come in contact with each other for a few hours in their lives, all mercantile transactions are carried on by barter. For instance, the Chinese sell cats and dogs to the Coreans in exchange for wheat, rice, or baskets. Commerce may be said to have no existence in the Corea, any more than trade. The only handicrafts are the weaving of hemp and flax, and cotton or silk; with certain kinds of pottery, and talc, of which windows are made; also umbrellas of bamboo and straw; and, lastly, the manufacture of sabres and poniards, for which they have acquired some celebrity. The Coreans have cannon and a few thousand guns, but the greater portion of their soldiers are armed only with bows and arrows. They are much more used to pillage and brigandage than to the art of war. As to the implements for household purposes, it is the custom for everyone to forge what are required for their own use.

What strikes the missionary the most in traversing the Corea is the variety of the inhabitants. Their whole number does not exceed 8,000,000 or 10,000,000. On the other hand, lions, panthers, bears, and tigers are so numerous in the royal forests,

that the king, who reserves to himself the right to make war upon them, is obliged to send every year an army of 5,000 huntsmen to prevent their overrunning the whole country. Besides these plagues, which devour every year more than a thousand men, famine and pestilence decimate but too often this unhappy people.

To the difficulties of climate and the savage nature of the people, the unfortunate missionary has another terrible obstacle to overcome in the Corea, and that is the difficulty of the language. "Originally," writes Mgr. Daveluy, "the Corean tongue must have been one totally distinct from any other." But now it seems to have been transformed into a kind of Chinese *patois*. Father Dorié declared it was "a truly diabolical language." Twenty years before, the Bishop of Acona had characterised it in the same terms. This language, being alphabetical, and having its declensions and conjugations, is not so hard to read or understand; but what drives its students to despair is the pronunciation, which it is almost impossible to catch, and the terminations, which for the same tense and person are yet multiplied *ad infinitum*. The present of the indicative, for instance, has no less than a hundred terminations. The form varies according to the degree of respect due to the person to whom you are speaking. Thus, *Ha ta* and *Ha Keit sap ni ta* mean the same thing, only the former is addressed to superiors, the latter to inferiors. Again, even in this simple sentence, one must, in speaking, change the *p* into *m*, and pronounce "*sam ni ta*," instead of "*sap ni ta*." This change of letters is so frequent, that it becomes almost hopelessly perplexing. If the literature of the country is to be judged by the language of the people, and the relations they have given of the martyrdom of their countrymen, this literature is as full of

imagery and hyperbole as that of any other Eastern nation.

But if the language approaches to the Chinese, it is not the same with the national costume, which is of white linen on ordinary occasions, and of unbleached linen on days of mourning. This was the universal dress throughout China before the reform introduced by the reigning dynasty and by the Tartars. It is only found at this moment in the Corean peninsula, where it is worn with a religious respect. The personal appearance of the Corean is certainly not a favourable one. In stature he is below the middle height, with a round instead of an oval head, flattened nose, puffed-out cheeks, raised eyebrows, small oblique eyes, a receding chin, scantily covered with hair, and a bronze complexion. Such is his physiognomy. As to his moral character, the Corean is a boastful chatterbox, and as great a liar as the Chinaman, but with less malice and deceit. He is more frank and loyal than the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, and less given to theft and avarice. There is at bottom a fund of vigour and moral energy in the Corean which makes him infinitely superior to his neighbours. Once he is converted, he will stick at nothing to save his soul. He is not idle, and he gives himself willingly to agriculture and all kinds of handicraft; but as he is above all fond of fun and gaiety, he will stop his work at any time to sing and dance at the sound of the flute, or even at the beating together of copper covers, which they use as cymbals or tambourines.

Like all idolaters, the Corean is extremely superstitious. He has upwards of a thousand divinities, among which ten occupy a superior place. These ten are: (1) the tutelar or household genius; (2) the preserver of human habitations; (3) the creator of the human race; (4) the friend and the avenger of

parents ; (5) the providence of the world ; (6 and 7) the two arbiters of the fireside ; (8) the god of battles ; (9) the god who averts pestilence ; and last, not least (10), Confucius, the master of all wisdom.

In Corea, as in China, the worship of their deceased parents forms part of the national religion. What makes the difference between the two people is, that the Corean is not so obstinate as the Chinese in his religious customs and belief. He is willing to give them up for a higher and better worship. It is to this simple, earnest, straightforward spirit that we owe both the establishment and the maintenance of Christianity in this country, in spite of the persecutions to which these poor people have been continually subject. The history of the Corea is one long martyrology. The first preachers of Christianity in the Corea were the soldiers, who were in great numbers among the troops of the proud and cruel Tai-Ko-Sama, Emperor of Japan, at the time of his invasion of the country in 1592. Many of those who then embraced the Gospel had the glory of dying martyrs. Christianity after this existed only as a legend in the peninsula till 1784, when the son of the Corean ambassador at Peking, named Ly, was instructed in the Catholic faith by the resident Catholic Bishop of Peking. Baptised in the name of Peter, he returned to his native country and became an apostle. By his preaching and zeal, his patience and charity, he converted 4,000 persons of all classes and ranks, including his own parents, and many other persons of distinction. He inspired his neophytes with such fervour, that many were converted by merely hearing of him, without ever having seen or been taught by him, and so gladly shed their blood for Jesus Christ in the persecution which broke out against the Christians in 1791.

The first priest sent to the assistance of the con-

verts by the Bishop of Pekin was a Chinese of the name of Tcheou ; but he could not succeed in getting into the country till the year 1795. He spent the first three years in learning the Corean dialect, and was only allowed to labour amongst them for four years longer. In that short time, however, the number of Christians increased in so extraordinary a manner that the faith of the first ages of the Church seemed to have revived. To embrace the faith under the very eye of the persecutors was to renounce at once all civil, military, or liberal professions, and even any industrial occupation. It was equivalent to accepting misery, deportation, exile, and often death. In spite of that, this holy priest could not suffice for the crowds of adults who came to him to be baptised. He had such a reputation for sanctity and virtue, that he was an object of veneration to the very pagans themselves. The persecution, however, broke out again in 1801, with greater violence than ever ; and the good priest, with Peter Ly, the lay apostle, and more than 140 other Christians, suffered martyrdom. The 21st of May was the day appointed for their execution ; and although the weather was previously beautiful and bright, a frightful tempest arose during their tortures, which only ended with their death. Among the confessors was the virgin Lutgarde Ly, who defended her faith with such touching fervour and eloquence, that she converted a multitude of her hearers. "Her words," writes the native historian, "poured like running water from her lips. She had not a grain of fear, and died in the firmest faith and joy, hoping in the merits of her Saviour." Nothing can be more touching than the description given of the deaths of all this band of martyrs. The venerable priest Tcheou, with his dying breath, addressed the 10,000 neophytes whom he left behind him, and pro-

phesied that the Corean Church would remain widowed for more than thirty years, without either altar or Sacrifice. The prophecy was accomplished to the letter. For full thirty years no one was found who could break the bread of life to these desolate children: "*Parvuli petierunt panem et non erat qui frangeret eis.*" It was only after a series of supplications, and letters written yearly, not only to the Bishops of Pekin, but to the Sovereign Pontiffs of Rome, that they obtained in 1831 a Vicar-Apostolic in the person of Mgr. Bonguière. But this prelate died on the 30th October 1835, without having been able to take possession of the post which had been assigned to him. Fortunately the Coreans' good angel brought them a second Chinese priest in 1834; and two European missionaries, MM. Maubaud and Chastaud, were likewise able to effect an entrance into the country in 1836.

At last, on the 1st January 1838, the hierarchy was once more reëstablished by Mgr. Imbert, who with the greatest secrecy managed to land a few days before. He found the poor Church in a most lamentable state. Each year had decimated its ranks more and more, till famine and misery threatened the annihilation of the Christians. Not above 3,000 neophytes remained, who had imbibed the faith with their mothers' milk, for no one had been able to instruct them. But the little spark then left burning rapidly kindled into a flame on the Bishop's arrival. Men, women, and children of every class and rank hastened to throw themselves at his feet, and implore his absolution. Some of them came from ten, twenty, or thirty miles, and their fervour won numberless fresh souls to Christ, so that very soon there were upwards of 10,000 Christians in the country instead of 3,000. One and all prepared themselves for martyrdom,

and it was not long in coming. Only one year after Mgr. Imbert's arrival, that is, in 1839, a more cruel persecution than ever broke out in this unhappy land. More than 800 Christians received the crown of martyrdom, including the holy Vicar-Apostolic and his missionaries. A still larger number perished of cold and hunger in the mountains, where they had taken refuge, preferring the horrors of famine and the teeth of the wild-beasts to the risk of betraying or denying their faith. On one occasion, a zealous catechist quietly prepared forty members of his family for death, and, being surrounded by the soldiers, formed them into a little procession, which marched courageously to the prisons of Séoul, while he exclaimed: "Courage, my dear brothers and sisters! See, the angel of God, with a measuring-rod in his hand, counting your steps as you advance towards Paradise. See our Lord Jesus Christ preceding you to Calvary, bearing His Cross!" The executioners, enraged at his boldness, tore his body with scourges, and broke his arms and legs, without his ever losing either courage or even gaiety. His wife, who was of one of the noblest families in the Corea, followed his example. Although covered with wounds, and with the additional agony of seeing her two youngest children expire in her arms for want of food, she walked with a calm and dignified step up to the executioner, and presented her neck to the sword without fear or flinching. Throughout their tortures, in fact, these nobly-born women showed a superhuman fortitude and generosity which won the admiration even of their brutal persecutors. The prime minister Y had caused three great sabres to be forged, with which he announced his intention of cutting off the heads of the disciples of the Cross from the highest to the lowest. When they

sheathed he proclaimed with savage triumph that "Christianity was extinct in the Corea." Nothing was ever further from the truth. In the month of October 1845, a courageous native, Andrew Kim, went himself to Shanghai to fetch the third Vicar-Apostolic of the Corea, Mgr. Ferréol, who arrived with M. Daveluy. His faith obtained the reward of the priesthood and the crown of martyrdom in 1846; but from his blood sprang a legion of neophytes, so that in 1849 the Christians were more numerous than in 1838. They numbered more than 11,000, of whom 1,000 lived in the capital, under the very eyes of the persecutors.

Such an unexpected result, twice repeated in half a century, has caused the Corea to be looked upon as the most promising of the Foreign-Missionary works. One understands how it came to pass that M. le Maistre had the patience to wait for ten years to effect an entrance into the country, and spent upwards of 60,000 francs to attain his object. It gives the key likewise to the enthusiasm of Father Dorié for this particular mission; and he was always exclaiming, "Hurrah for the Corea! Such a task is worthy of a better workman!"

Mgr. Ferréol died of his fatigues in 1853, and was replaced the following year by Mgr. Berneux. With him began a new epoch of prosperity for the Corean Church. Twelve additional missionaries contrived to join him and his coadjutor, Mgr. Daveluy, in 1865; and we will now give a rapid sketch of the state of affairs when Father Dorié arrived in the peninsula.

The king had died without issue in the preceding month of January. He was succeeded by Queen Tso, or Tsio, the daughter and mother of two of the greatest Christian-haters, who had distinguished themselves by their cruelty in the persecu-

tion of 1839, and the widow of one of the previous kings. On the day of her coronation, she adopted a child of twelve years of age, and intrusted her father, a Corean prince, with the reins of government, under the title of Regent of the Empire. This regent tolerated the Christians from fear of the Europeans, whose success in China made him apprehend a similar defeat should any fresh persecution call down the wrath of the "outside barbarians." The mother of the young king went further. She loved the Christians, used their prayers, and would have been publicly received, but for her fear of being compromised.

But the Queen Tsc was very different. The sworn enemy of Christianity, by family tradition and natural ferocity, she only sought for an occasion or a pretext to exterminate them throughout the kingdom. Her ministers were equally thirsting for Christian blood. Everyone felt that the moment was a critical one, and that they were on the eve of great events. Two opposite forces contended for the mastery. Would the Corea nobly hoist the Christian flag, or would she sink deeper and deeper in paganism and barbarity? For the moment, the moderation and toleration openly advocated by the regent were the order of the day; and so among the masses there was an immense movement towards embracing the Christian faith.

In 1865, there were upwards of 4,000 baptisms in one of the northern provinces alone. A man belonging to the highest aristocracy having been regenerated in the baptismal font, one of his enemies, profiting by the occasion, brought a false accusation against him to the mandarin. The judge, after a careful inquiry, pronounced the nobleman innocent. "Innocent?" exclaimed his accuser; "why he is a Christian!" "I cannot punish him for that," re-

plied the mandarin ; "for the Christian religion is now tolerated by the State."

Another fact which gave courage to the neophytes happened in the month of August 1865. A mandarin gave an order for some expensive work to a jeweller. The jeweller, with admirable courage, quietly replied that at that moment he had not time to undertake it. "What prevents you having the time?" exclaimed the mandarin. "Because I am a catechumen, and preparing for baptism," boldly replied the tradesman. "Well," replied the mandarin quietly, "make haste about it, and become a Christian, and then you will be able to do for me what I want."

As soon as this story got wind, a crowd of people flocked to enrol themselves among the catechumens, and eagerly listened to the elementary instruction given by the missionaries. The pagans themselves reprinted several of the Catholic prayer-books, and hawked them about the villages, where they were rapidly sold. The harvest, indeed, seemed ready ; and at this very time our fervent missionaries came to join the apostolic college, which, like that at Jerusalem, numbered twelve disciples. That hope which waits with confidence for the hour of God's mercy is, with the charity which spends itself and is spent for the souls of others, the great virtue of those who labour for the conversion of the heathen. Father Dorié and his companions, animated by feelings such as these, went joyfully to their respective posts, with a firm determination to labour until death for the flock committed to their care, and to win as many souls as possible for the kingdom of their Lord and Master.

Father Dorié established himself in his new mission of Son-Kol on the 23d of June 1865. The principal crop of the village consists of tobacco,

which grows on the mountain that surrounds the place on three sides ; the little valley by which it is approached on the east produces rice in great abundance. Its fertility is owing to the river which waters its centre and divides it in two ; but should the clouds which precede the snow fall too heavily on the mountain-tops from which it takes its source, the river becomes a torrent, sweeping away in its resistless course all the hopes of the agriculturist.

This misfortune happened at Son-Kol just eight weeks before the arrival of Father Doré. The rise in the river was so sudden and extraordinary that it submerged a part of the village, and drowned many of its inhabitants. The year 1866 dawned with the prospect of a bloody persecution, coupled with a terrible famine. Father Doré did not find at Son-Kol the comforts of St. Joseph of the Bears. He was lodged in the chapel of the village, which was certainly the finest and best in the locality, and served both as chapel and residence for the missionary ; but nothing could be more miserable and *triste* than the aspect of the cottage both within and without.

The Coreans, being all short and small, build their houses of the exact height required for men of their own size. Father Doré declared that the "great Just," M. de Bretenières, could never stand upright in his lodging ; as for Father Doré, he, being shorter, could get on better ; but still the discomforts were very great. The walls were of earth, and the roof of straw. The room did not boast of a window of any kind. The only opening was a door, of which the panels were of paper, and which was three feet in height and one and a half in width. This is the dimension of all the doors in a Corean village. One can only enter on all-fours ;

and it is a matter of etiquette to leave your shoes outside and walk barefoot in the house, no matter what may be the rigour of the season.

The interior of a Corean house is much the same as the exterior. There is neither cupboard, table, chairs, nor bed. The Corean lies on the ground, or sits cross-legged. He spends the greater part of the day smoking his pipe in this position ; and at night, taking a piece of wood for a pillow, he lies down on the floor and sleeps contentedly. In this way Father Dorié likewise accustomed himself to go to bed at Son-Kol, and soon declared that he could rest as well there as he had ever done in his life. The food with which he was supplied was as bad in quality as it was small in quantity. The wine was the colour of milk, and the bread simply not eatable. Finding that it affected his health, he became his own baker. Dog-meat was most esteemed in the country ; but that was reserved for great occasions, and only served on feast-days, or when Father Beaulieu came to visit him. At first Father Dorié suffered a good deal from this diet ; but being determined to accustom himself to everything and make no difficulties, he soon triumphed over the repugnance of nature. Three months after his installation at Son-Kol, he wrote to his old Vendean friend Henry : " I prefer my little cabin here to the finest presbytery in the Vendée. I am as happy as a king, sitting on my heels like a good Corean, and have no cares whatever."

If his hut was poor and bare in the extreme, still more was his chapel. The altar was a simple board nailed to the wall, under which were the trunks which served to hold the vestments. Every morning this board was covered with a bit of coloured paper instead of an altar-cloth, and in front was placed an antependium ragged with age, and

half-eaten by rats and mice. It was worse than the stable at Bethlehem. Nevertheless, amidst such terrible poverty and lack of all things necessary, he had one supreme consolation, and that was in the piety of his people. "My chapel is indeed poor, beyond what your imagination can conceive," he wrote to M. le Comte de Bessay, on the 18th October 1865; "but what does it signify? My poor flock know no better; they are quite content; and in this miserable hovel of mud and straw, they pray with a fervour which would shame many Christians in France. The Corean has a burning faith which seems to stand in no need of human accessories. This people would really rejoice the heart of any missionary."

Son-Kol, in fact, soon had not a single pagan. Everyone of the inhabitants was baptised, and assisted with the utmost fervour and joy at the daily Mass. They were most eager for instruction, and having got a priest at last amongst them, vied with one another as to who should do him most honour. Father Doré felt himself as safe, or even safer amongst them than in a European capital. He wrote with enthusiasm of his catechist, who at the same time was his Corean professor, served his Mass, and devoted himself day and night to the duties of the mission. He called him the "nursing-father of the Europeans." "If the persecution breaks out again," he wrote, "this man will be the first of our martyrs."

Although this village had become entirely Christian, Father Doré was not allowed to leave it except on very rare occasions. His great wish was to extend the field of his operations, and preach in the surrounding district; but his superiors considered the risk too great, and that he must listen for the moment to the dictates of prudence. The villagers had

made a little straight avenue in front of his cabin, where he could walk every day for health and exercise; but the moment a pagan approached he was obliged to hide, and that not only for his own sake, but in order not to compromise his flock, and inevitably deprive them of his services and the Sacraments of the Church, which they so dearly prized. He wore the usual white Corean dress, except when he went to confession to Father Beaulieu, on which occasions he was compelled to put on the mourning disguise we have before mentioned. This periodical visit recurred monthly, and he managed to escape discovery except from the dogs, whose keen sense of smell at once detected the European, and often led him into great danger by pursuing him through the streets, barking and howling. His time at home was spent entirely in prayer and in studying the language. One of the missionaries who escaped when the persecution broke out, wrote to Father Dorié's brother that "Henry, at the end of eight months, had so mastered the Corean dialect, that he was able to preach, and administer the Sacraments, without any difficulty." During these eight months, he had won the respect and love of the whole population. He was their very type of a perfect missionary. His gentle modest look, his frank and genial manner, and his cheerful encouraging words had charmed them from the first; added to which, he was short and rather small: qualities which have their value in Corean eyes. They named him *Kim-Sin-Pon*: *Kim*, meaning "gold," and *Sin-Pon*, "spiritual father." This is the most flattering of appellations in the Corea for any man, and the Christians were most proud of it for him. He himself loved it from supernatural reasons, because it had been borne before by some of the most noble confessors and martyrs for the

faith. The desire of martyrdom, so far from being weakened on a nearer approach to the probable scene of such an event, became stronger with Father Dorié every hour. Writing again in 1865 to M. de Bessay, after declaring that the Vendée and the Corea were the two countries dearest to his heart, and that "he thought, after belonging to both of them, there was nothing more to wish for on earth;" he added, "except always martyrdom: God grant I may be worthy of it!" And then quoted the words of St. Gregory: "*Unum ad palman iter, pro Christo mortem appeto!*" The martyr's palm! "*Quee dicitur suavis ad gustum umbrosa ad requiem, honorabilis ad triumphum.*"

At the end of October 1865, Mgr. Berneux received a letter from an Englishman announcing to him that he was about to land at Séoul to distribute some Bibles. The Bishop felt that this imprudent step would probably compromise all the Christians in the place, and draw down an instant persecution; but the danger arose from another quarter.

Russia was pressing onwards towards the Chinese and Corean frontiers, and demanded a grant of land in the Corea to establish a commercial station. The Corean government was not in a position to oppose them. Its soldiers—if such they can be called—have neither artillery nor guns, except a few here and there; and the panic was consequently universal. In his perplexity the regent sent for Mgr. Berneux, and implored him to try and arrange the matter with the Russian envoys; promising him liberty of creed should he succeed in ridding the country of these unwelcome guests. Mgr. Berneux was then in the northern provinces, where he had had the consolation of baptising and instructing more than a thousand adults; but, hoping to effect still greater good for the cause of Christianity, he

hastened to obey the summons of the regent, and was received with great apparent cordiality. Unfortunately, at the same moment a Corean embassy had been sent to Peking, composed of men most hostile to the faith. These ambassadors wrote home that in China the missionaries were put to death with impunity, in spite of the presence of the French and English flags; and they craftily suggested that a similar step should be taken in the Corea. This suggestion was most acceptable to the Queen Tso and her prime minister, who took advantage of the Russian difficulty to work upon the fears of the regent. "Death to all Europeans!" was the cry perpetually dinned into his ears. The regent, honestly anxious to save the Christians, demurred, giving as his reason the danger of reprisals. "How are we to stand against their fleets?" he exclaimed. "I will answer for everything," replied the minister. "Have we not often killed these Europeans? Who has ever attempted to revenge their death? What harm has their massacre done to us?" The barbarian was mistaken. The blockade of Séoul by Admiral Roze, and the taking of Kang-Hoa, at a few miles' distance only from the capital, the following year, with the destruction of their forts and palaces, "must have proved to the Corean government," says the *Moniteur*, "that the murder of French missionaries would not remain unpunished." But the regent allowed himself to be over-persuaded, and finally signed the bloody edict of persecution. Yet the Russians had listened to Mgr. Berneux's representations, and given up their idea of a station on the Corean coast; so that even that shallow pretext was at an end.

When once launched in this evil path, the regent showed himself cruel to the last degree. Mgr. Berneux had come to the capital at his own request,

as a good and loyal subject, to save the country from a threatened danger, and had succeeded so well that not a Russian remained in the Corea. To throw him into prison under such circumstances was the most flagrant act of treachery, and against all laws of justice and humanity. Yet this the regent did in February 1866. His satellites came into Mgr. Berneux's house one evening, and, without a word of explanation, dragged him by main force to the common prison, throwing him into the dungeon reserved for the worst criminals. The next day he was brought before the prince and two of his ministers. "His manner," writes an eye-witness, "was calm, firm, and full of dignity, and by his replies he confounded his adversaries, so that they could only resort to personal violence." If he could not save his beloved mission from the horrors of a fresh persecution, at least he could bear witness to the Truth, and show himself a worthy successor of the martyrs who had preceded him. At this time upwards of thirty thousand Coreans had been not only baptised, but become fervent Christians. It was impossible to exterminate them all; so the regent contented himself with striking at their chiefs, and especially at those who had received or given them shelter. Where were the missionaries lodged who had converted such a multitude of people? The police knew the residence of the Vicar-Apostolic. He had been, in fact, tacitly recognised by the government, and in constant communication with the regent; but his fellow-missionaries were unknown, and their abodes undiscovered. The villages which sheltered them were generally situated in the mountain gorges; and the fervent Christians who surrounded them were ready to defend them with their lives. To find the Saviour of the world on the eve of His Passion, the high-priest was com-

pelled to make use of a traitor who knew the garden where his Master was wont to resort and pray with His disciples. A similar Judas was found by the regent. When the necessary information had been thus obtained, and all the directions given, the vultures fastened on their prey with ease and impunity. Only three out of the twelve missionaries contrived to escape. The nine others were seized, tortured, and finally put to death; Mgr. Berneux and the Fathers Dorié, Bretinières, and Beaulieu on the 8th of March 1866, and the rest a few days later. To return to F. Dorié. He was informed of all that had happened at Séoul, and of the sentence of death pronounced against himself the day before his arrest. He might have left his retreat in the village and sought safety in the mountains; but no solitude was so great as to enable him to remain concealed long from the fury of the persecutors. He therefore resolved to remain where he was, and await quietly the will of God concerning him. In the letter written from Shanghai to his brother, by Father Ridel, who was one of the three missionaries who escaped, he gives the following account of Father Dorié's arrestation and death:

"26th August 1866.—The emissaries of the tyrant were scattered all over the country. It was as impossible to hide as to fly. Father Dorié understood the state of the case at once, and energetically declared that he would remain at his post till they came to take him. Long ago he had made the sacrifice of his life to God. He spent the intervening hours in preparing himself for a death which he felt was inevitable. The persecutors arrived, as he expected, the following day, and carried him off to prison in the capital, where he stayed several days together with Mgr. Berneux and MM. de Bretenières and Beaulieu. I have not yet heard what tortures

they suffered in prison; but on Thursday the 8th March, these generous confessors of the Faith were all conducted outside the town, and had their heads struck off in presence of an immense multitude of people, whose curiosity was greatly excited at the sight of European faces."

Thus wrote Father Ridel. Ordered to leave the Corea, to give notice to Admiral Roze of what had happened, he had embarked with eleven Christians on the 1st July, and arrived on the 7th in safety at Tien-Tsing. Admiral Roze was in command of the French naval station in the Chinese waters, and at once determined to take measures to avenge the murdered missionaries. We glean some further particulars about Father Dorié from a letter written on the 22d May by Father Féron, one of those who was able to elude the vigilance of the soldiers and escape the axe of the executioner. He states that Father Dorié had to endure the most horrible tortures before receiving the last stroke, as well as his companions. The barbarians overwhelmed him with blows until his body became one wound. The skin of his legs was torn off, leaving the bones bare; they then broke his legs; and in this state he was carried to the scaffold, and there consummated his glorious sacrifice. Thus was his wish fulfilled; and his pure soul took its place in the noble army of martyrs, and was associated in the eternal triumph of his Divine Master. Here was the realisation of his dream: "To suffer for God will be henceforth my motto." He had given to the God whom he so loved the very last drop of his blood. Who knows whether the vacant coffin which he pointed out to his friend and patron at the Foreign Missionary College may not, some day, receive his remains? We read in Father Ridel's letter:

"The bodies of the martyrs remained exposed

for several days, when the Christians were enabled to remove them secretly and give them decent burial in a spot where they can easily be found, and from whence, when the peace comes, we shall be able to remove them without difficulty. Providence seems to watch over their preservation, for when the bodies were visited by the Christians three months after their interment, there was no sign whatever of corruption."

However that may be, the Vendée may indeed be proud of having given birth to Henry Dorié; and the Church of Luçon already prays that his name, with that of his noble companions, may some day be reckoned in the catalogue of the saints.

CONCLUSION.

ON the intelligence of these martyrdoms reaching Europe, the Bishop of Luçon wrote the following letter to the curé of St. Hilaire de Talmont:

"I have this instant received a letter from Singapore, which announces that Father Dorié, your old parishioner and apostolic missionary in the Corea, received the palm of martyrdom on the 8th March last, after enduring unheard-of tortures for the Faith. This news, however bitter to his family according to nature, will be a joy and consolation to their hearts as Christians and Catholics. The glory of children reflects not only on their parents, but on the country which has given them birth. Therefore, while feeling the heartiest sympathy for his family, I cannot help exclaiming: Happy father, happy mother, who have been thought worthy of giving an apostle and a martyr to the Church of God! Happy the parish of St. Hilaire which can boast of such a son! This dear child is now seated for ever on the most glo-

rious of thrones. He left all to follow Christ, and now, after a few days of trial and suffering, he enjoys an eternity of bliss, and stretches out his palm of victory to protect and bless us. I do not know his family; but I bless them as the fruitful root whence has germinated this noble tree, whose branches will spread themselves over the whole Church."

In reply, the curé of St. Hilaire organised a magnificent festival in the parish church in honour of their martyr. It took place on the 4th December 1866, and the village rose as one man to celebrate it worthily. The Bishop came in person, together with upwards of fifty ecclesiastics, among whom were all his old superiors and directors. Then the good curé addressed the assembly, followed by the Bishop, dwelling chiefly on the glories of martyrdom and the necessity of a life of immolation and sacrifice. High Mass was sung, and the superior of the great seminary preached for three-quarters of an hour to an audience who hung breathlessly on his words. He dwelt first on Henry's pure and spotless life; and then went on to speak of the character of martyrdom:

First, its excellence.—"God fashioning the human heart for Himself, and developing in chosen souls all the riches of His faith and love. The future martyr leaves his family, is deaf to the prayers and tears of his mother. Does he not love her? O, yes; but he loves another more. And that other is the God of love; and that love calls him, and he obeys. The world calls it folly. Yes, it is folly, if earthly things be more important than heavenly; but if God be our portion, then is it the highest wisdom."

Secondly, its effects.—"It conduces more than anything to the glory of God. The martyr adores Him in the most perfect way, and loves Him with the most sublime love. It is an energetic protest against the miserable weakness and self-indulgence

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of the age ; it is a reparation of the scandals which abound on all sides. And to the martyr himself, what glory ! The Son of God, for whom he has died, presents him to His Father. He places him on His right hand near His throne. His glory is reflected on the whole Church, on his parish, on his family, above all on his mother, whose memory will ever be blessed. The glory of God—this is also the salvation of countless souls. Jesus Christ preached by His blood more than by His words. So do His martyrs—‘*Defunctus adhuc loquitur.*’ He is likewise the seed of the Church—‘*Sanguis martyrum semen Christianorum.*’ The blood shed in the Corea will germinate and produce fruit a hundredfold. Lastly, martyrdom is a prayer. And what a prayer ! Our dear martyr will plead for his mission, his Church, his diocese, his family, his parish, his benefactors. How should his prayers not be granted when sealed with his blood ?”

The Divine Office was ended with the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the chant of the *Te Deum*, to thank God for the glory accorded to His martyr, Henry Dorié. A few moments later his brother, Peter Dorié, addressed the following words to the Bishop and the rest of the assembly in a voice broken with emotion :

“ Monseigneur,—I come in the name of my parents and my family to thank you for what you have all said and done in honour of my beloved brother. We felt that when once he had given his life to the work of the foreign missions he was, as it were, lost to us, and that God required this willing sacrifice at our hands. But still we hoped against hope that we might see him again, and therefore the news of his terrible martyrdom came upon us as an overwhelming blow. For a time nature had her way, and we could do nothing but grieve. But

thanks to your grace's touching letter, to the consoling words we have heard to-day, and to the magnificent ceremony of which we have just been witnesses, we feel that we should rather rejoice than sorrow. We know that we have now a protector in heaven who will never cease to pray for us, and who loves and waits for us to join him that his joy may be full. We will strive day by day to follow, however unworthily, in his steps ; and to this end we implore you for a last and special blessing."

Saying these words, the young man knelt at the Bishop's feet with his whole family. Everyone was moved to tears as the venerable Bishop accompanied his blessing with a few touching and sympathising words ; after which he insisted upon their coming with him to dine at the presbytery, where little traits of Henry's goodness and sweetness were repeated from mouth to mouth till each heart was kindled at the recital.

Thus closed this young martyr's life. When a general returns in triumph from a successful campaign, his soldiers, drunk with joy, point at him and exclaim with pride, "This is our work ; if we had not fought so well, he would not to-day be wearing the marshal's bâton."

Such is the feeling that all the associates of the foreign missions entertain at the sight of the palm which one of their number has won in the heathen battle-field. What is the Association for the Propagation of the Faith but an immense army, of which the missionary is the general and each associate the soldier ; a holy militia, which encircles the whole world, not to sweep away dynasties and upset thrones, but to conquer hearts for their Great Chief, and bring all souls under the empire of Jesus Christ ! The missionary is the soul of this great army ; it is he who marches to the front and receives in his breast the

wounds of the enemy; but it is the private who helps him and supplies him with arms and backs up his failing strength. And now, to speak without parables, God calls a young soul to the glory of the apostolate. During his years of study, He has breathed into his heart an ardour for the struggle; a faith which shall remove mountains; a hope which shall overcome all obstacles; a love which shall triumph even over death. He has sown in that soul the seed of the most heroic virtues; but who shall conduct him to the battle-field? who shall lead him to the infidel regions where he is to preach and convert souls to Christ? Those who, by their alms and by their self-denials, have given him the means to fight and to reach the scene of his future labours. By the weekly pence which the poor man pays to the Propagation of the Faith, as much as by the larger gifts of his wealthier brethren, the missionary is enabled to quit his college and travel north, south, east, or west, wherever the cry of a perishing people is heard, "Come over and help us!" Each contributor to this work of the foreign missions may feel that he has a part in the martyr's crown and a right to his intercessions in heaven. This association is the lever which at this very moment is lifting the whole pagan world into the region of truth and light. It is as the torch of civilisation which clears away the thick shadows at present overcasting so large a portion of the globe peopled with souls for whom Christ died, and who have never yet been taught to lisp His name. May all hearts kindle at the thought! may all contribute largely and liberally to the work! and may the simple life we have here given to our readers emulate them to a like apostolic zeal, so that they may obtain a like reward.

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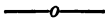
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